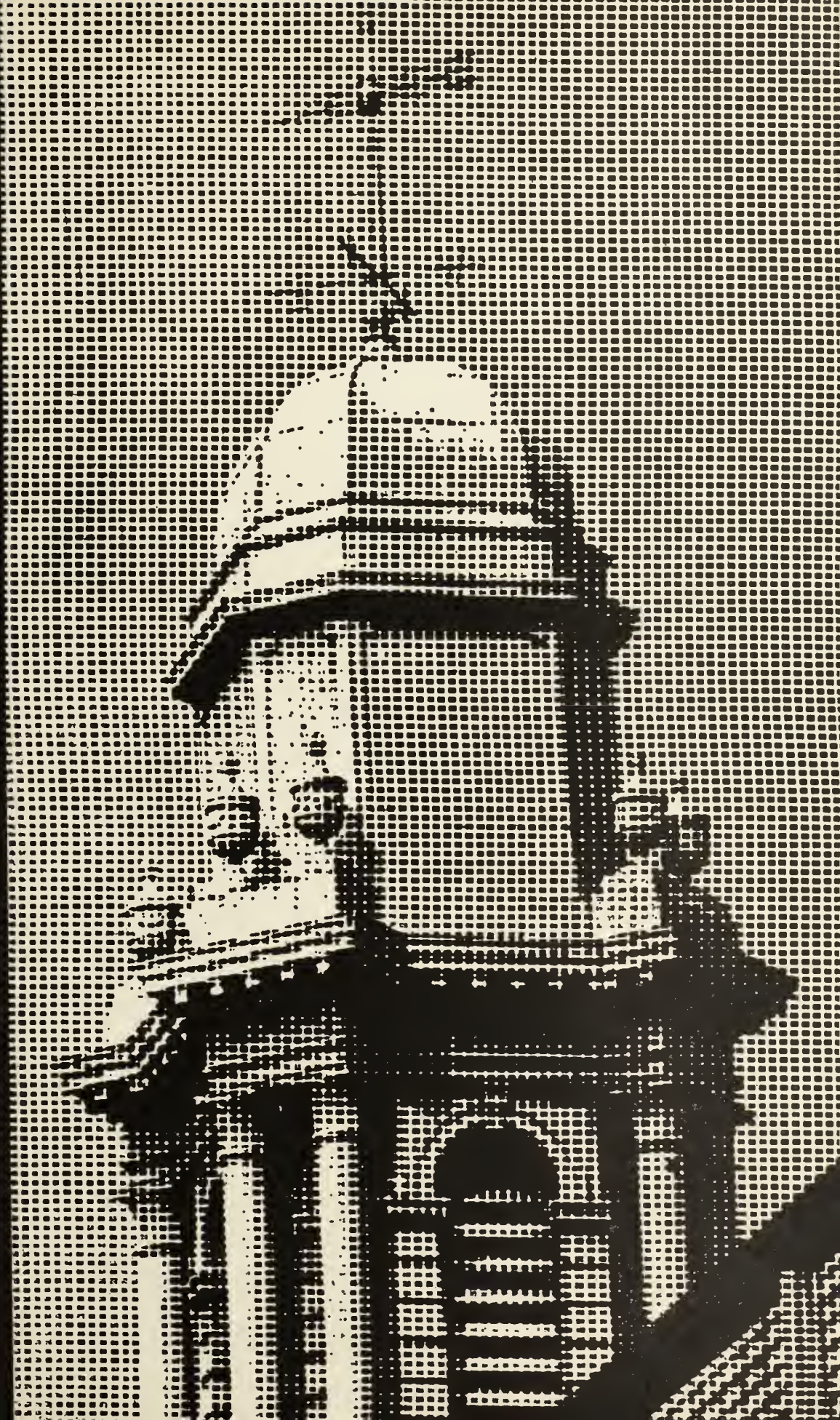


REGISTER

Summer Issue
1965





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BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

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— Rosengarten

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THE MICE

Timothy Fish '66



JUDGE MONTGOMERY entered his office with a smile on his face and a spring in his step. He was quite pleased with himself, but his expression of content changed to one of shock when he found his office full of people holding tinkling champagne glasses. At first he felt a sense of invaded privacy; he had planned to spend his morning alone, quietly meditating. But this feeling soon changed to anger when he realized what they had come for.

No one had noticed the Judge's entrance. A light buzz of speaking voices hovered in the air like a mist. The Judge's voice rang out but the other voices still hung in the air.

"What are you doing here?," the Judge asked quietly, not expecting an answer. The buzzing continued.

His lips quivered. Then he screamed, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!!"

The buzzing stopped abruptly. A young man, James Filbur, who was talking in the corner of the office, looked an-

noyed at the Judge's interruption. He walked up to him and beckoned him aside. He said, "We're just having a party to celebrate your first murder trial, Monty, that's all."

"Like hell you are! That's just an excuse to get boozed up on champagne."

Filbur spoke soothingly, as he might have to a defiant child, "Now that's not true, Monty, and you know it."

"Lock, I don't want to discuss it here. Wait for me in the waiting room, I'll talk to you about it there."

Filbur was reluctant. "O.K. But don't you dare throw them out, you hear me?" This was a genuine threat.

"I hear you," the Judge said absently.

He looked around him, watching each smiling face. He tried to suppress his mounting anger, but he couldn't when he again thought of why they were celebrating. It seemed wrong to him for people to celebrate because a murder had taken place. It seemed wrong to celebrate because a man would have to fight for his

life in the courts. The Judge wasn't sure why he felt so strongly about this, but he knew that he would have no piece of mind unless he stopped the party immediately. He forgot what Filbur had told him. Nothing mattered but getting these people out of his office.

He shouted at the top of his lungs, "ALL RIGHT, THE PARTY'S OVER! EVERYONE **GET OUT!!**" He grabbed a small guest by the collar and hauled him to the door. He opened it and pointed gravely to the sidewalk. The man quickly descended the steps and was gone, followed closely by the others.

The Judge closed his office door. He sat down and stared at his desk. His eyes were fixed on it for five minutes; then they sprang to life and began to examine the whole office piece by piece. They scrutinized everything: windows, pictures, furniture, everything; everything except one door. His eyes seemed to hate that door; they ignored it, they snubbed it, but he finally forced them to look at it, and he went straight for it, opening it with a jerk.

The room was furnished with two chairs placed on each side of a table which was covered with magazines. One of the chairs was occupied by Filbur. He was an attorney who helped the Judge from time to time on particularly difficult cases. He looked at the Judge as he might have looked at a madman. "Monty, DID YOU THROW THEM OUT?!" he screamed.

The Judge did not answer.

"WHY? WHY? WHY? All they wanted to do was give you a good time. What the hell's so bad about that?"

The Judge tried to speak but cleared his throat instead.

"Monty, those are your friends. They bought food, drinks, everything; and you threw them out. They were just going to congratulate you on your first murder trial; and you threw them out. Could you tell me why, buddy, huh?"

The Judge hesitated.

"We're waiting, friend."

Finally the Judge blurted out, "How can I celebrate over another man's misfortune? The Doc might lose his life and they wanna have a party. **SOME FRIENDS!** They turn on him just as soon as he gets in trouble. He's an old friend too, like me. Why don't they give **him** a party? And anyway, I . . ."

"He 's a killer, a **murderer.**"

". . . don't see what business it is of yours who I have in **my** office. And he is **not** a killer."

"Monty, let's get the facts straight. Doc Smith killed a kid. He said so. Now does that or does that not make him a murderer?"

"No!!"

"WHADDAYA MEAN 'NO'?!"

"Just what I said. No! He is **not** a murderer. **He is completely innocent.**"

"Ohhhhhh brother! Come off it!" Filbur started playing with the buttons on his vest. He did it whenever he felt peeved, as he felt then.

The Judge's voice assumed a tone of defense, and he continued, "You remember the Doc don't you?"

"Sure."

"Well then, you know he was kind of funny. I mean the stuff he did."

"What did he do?"

"Oh, you know, he used to sit around for hours doing nothing, I mean just staring at the ground, for hours."

"Oh yeah, and he used to read those wierd books, poetry and stuff. What about it?"

"Well the Doc was a pretty observant man as I recall, and he used to do things, like dressing up in a kid's halloween costume to go with the kids trick or treating, just to see how they acted naturally, you know. They just thought he was a big kid. Or he used to hang around the square watching people shopping and listening to what they said and all. He loved that kind of stuff. It was half his life just to watch people; he wrote about it all the time."

Filbur was getting impatient. "What about it? What's all this got to do with the killing?"

"Plenty. Just listen. The Doc was sensitive as hell, too, and he was hungry for knowledge, and he knew a lot, so naturally his head was filled with mice . . ."

"OH NO! NO! HAH! MICE! Monty, you've got to be kidding. You've just GOT to be kidding. He had mice in his head, HAH!" Filbur broke into a nervous high pitched laugh.

The Judge looked annoyed. "Jimmy, let me finish will you?"

"Be my guest! I've just gotta hear this! Mice! Oh brother, broTHER! Mice!"

"Yes mice! Or thoughts, or ideas,

sensations! **Knowledge!** Call them what you want. I'll call them mice. Anyway the Doc was dominated by these mice, which was all right—up to a point. I mean it was bad only when the mice controlled his physical actions too. That's why he killed the kid. Don't you see? Let me explain how the Doc felt. When that kid found him out and started to laugh, something grabbed the Doc's mind. Maybe his idea of kids was that they should be seen and not heard, or that they should respect their elders. Whatever it was, he got that attitude from a lifetime of experience. Thousands of little events that happened to him, and little things he read and heard built up to give him that impression. That was the mouse. It was lodged in his mind, and since he was under pressure. . ."

"What pressure?"

"The pressure of maybe losing his fun."

"What?! Going out in a costume with a bunch of kids! That's fun? Come on!"

"To him, right then and there, that was all that really mattered, and in order to keep the picture of kids right he had to shut that one up, and he didn't care how he did it."

"But no sane man would do that. He'd stop to think first."

"Yes, but not under pressure. He was presented with a picture that didn't conform to his standard, and it was up to him to set it straight, but he didn't have time to think it out. **He did not** do it; the **mouse** did it. Don't you see? The Doc is innocent! DON'T YOU SEE? IT WAS THE **MOUSE!**"

By this time the Judge was no longer talking directly to Filbur; he was trying to convince the world, and partly himself, of the validity of his theory. He grabbed Filbur by the collar and shook him.

Filbur was genuinely frightened. "Easy, Monty, easy. You're acting like a nut," he said. "Calm down, boy."

The Judge sat down in the empty chair. "You're right. You're right."

They sat in silence for a few minutes.

Filbur asked, "How come you're sticking up for a kid killer? I remember you

were mad enough when your own brother got killed."

The Judge looked startled. He thought of his brother's murder, and the man who was hanged for it. He wondered if he had been anything like the Doc. . .

Judge Montgomery sat on his throne, master of all the proceedings before him. In a few more minutes the jury would return with the verdict, guilty, of course. And he'd sentence him to a life term, he'd have to; then home to a nice dinner and bed.

Now that the Judge had a few moments to look around the room, he felt a cold familiarity about it, but he couldn't quite place it. He looked at the parents of the victim, huddled in a corner, still not fully recovered from the shock of their personal tragedy. He pictured his own parents in their place; they fit perfectly. He looked down at the Doc, but the Doc had changed. He looked like a killer. He represented in the Judge's mind the essence, the symbol of a child murderer. He was young, with dry, straw colored hair and pale blue eyes. He looked to the Judge exactly like a vicious killer. It wasn't the Doc at all! It was his brother's killer, a man whom he hadn't seen since his childhood, nearly twenty years before! Before the Judge could think his way clear of the situation, the jury had delivered the verdict "guilty." He was trapped; he thought quickly: it has to be the death penalty! It's the only thing that fits! Nothing else will work . . . !

"You can tell 'em, Monty. Yes sir, buddy, you can tell 'em — 'Hang by the neck until dead!' Hah! Not an eyelash flickered in the whole court. No one's gonna call you a soft Judge are they, buddy, are they?" Filbur poured himself another drink.

Shut up, Filbur. Just SHUT UP! AND GET THE HELL OUTA HERE!

Filbur took his bottle and swayed out of the room.

The Judge looked up at the ceiling. "Damn mice. DAMN MICE! GOD! WHY?"

The mice slept.

THE SEARCH

Scott Holmberg '67

RAUCOUS CRIES broke the trance, and he lifted his head to squint down the beach. Sea gulls arose from a dune, interfusing into a swirling blanket overhead. The boy grimaced at the noise and contemplated the joys of possessing a shotgun. Through the waves of heat rising from the sand, he could discern the wharf stretching over the blue-green. He grunted as he started again across the scorching yellow. Salt so filled the air that he imagined that he could taste it in his parched throat. It even seemed the birds were especially designed to inflict misery on human ears. Hot drifts burned feet. Dust clogged nostrils.

Some "vacation" the youth mused! All summer long, it had been the same. Just hang around and do nothing. Life had cheated him. Where was his care-free, happy, romantic, holiday? Ha! His opinion of the "vacation" could be best defined as disgust. Heat and more heat. Boredom and more boredom.

Bare feet padded on burning planks. At the end of the wooden structure, he stopped to gaze back at the wretched shacks strewn on either side of a twisting rut someone had had the humor to name "King's Way". Squinting back into the sun, he could see the outline of his sailboat bobbing on the shimmering surface. He would have to do some work on that centerboard. Normally he would begrudge work; today, it was a welcome change from monotony.

He plunged into the swells and headed toward the group of boats. A well-tanned body cut the water with grace acquired

only with long practice. However, the cool sea could not refresh a restless mind. Self-pity. Frustration. Where was his haven? Certainly not in school. Certainly not here . . . And the sea kept rippling around the swimming figure.

His stomach cramped, and the youth buckled over in pain. He began to sink and, in a moment of confusion, gulped down a mouthful of ocean. Confusion and pain turned to panic. His limbs wildly thrashed the surface. He only managed to sink deeper in the deadly whirlpool. Eyes were blinded by the churning brine. He strived to fill his lungs, only to continue the struggle. He was sinking. Terror seized his tiring body. He just kept sinking!

His hand struck something. Instinctively, he groped again and fastened his fingers around a mooring line. Despite his ebbing strength and diminishing air supply, he strained upward until his head broke surface. He began to slip back into the water. In final effort, he grabbed the attached boat and heaved himself over and onto the bottom.

When he finally gained consciousness, his eyes opened against a blinding sun. He let his outstretched body relax a moment before he sat up and figured that it was now well into the afternoon. Eyes roved around and then fixed themselves in abstract fascination on the shore. He could see the cottages, rustic and somehow beautiful in the approaching twilight. And he had never noticed before how gracefully those sea gulls drifted.



THE WHITE, THE GREY, AND THE BLACK

Craig H. Yorke '66

THE EARLY AFTERNOON sun shone brilliantly on the new snow as the two students trudged through the sooty, grimy slush, obscuring the clean pavement of yesterday. The raw wind pierced them and chilled even their usual Friday afternoon enthusiasm. They spoke in rustling whispers as if fearful of overhearing themselves.

"I think he's trying to kill us."

"What, the history test Monday?"

"Yeah, impossible. Just can't do it."

"Actually, we had plenty of time for it. We're just lazy."

"Speak for yourself, Al. You plan to study?"

"I'll have to. This test decides the whole semester mark. Funny though, I just don't feel like it. What about you?"

"Are you joking? You know I won't study."

"You plan to flunk?"

"No."

"Well, I've got to get some sleep. I feel dead. See ya, Pete."

"Yeah, Al."

As Alan dropped his books on his desk and himself on his bed, he felt utterly exhausted. His mind was a turbulent grey void; he muttered confused, broken sentences. These half-conceived thoughts began to lose their coherence as he drifted into a restless sleep. He did not dream.

It was early evening when he awoke. He struggled to clear his mind. Reality's return was painful and reluctant. Study? . . . Yes, of course . . . When? . . . No, not now . . . Have to be in the right mood . . . But when? . . . Don't know . . . Ridiculous! 300 pages! . . . Should have done it last weekend, or two weeks ago maybe . . . Oh, so dead!

The distant jangling of the telephone revived him.

"Wanna go to the hockey game tonight, Al?"

"I dunno, Pete. I gotta recuperate. Been a tough week."

"Get lost! We didn't do anything this week but listen to him scream about the test Monday."

"Oh that. Yeah." He displayed a non-chalance he was far from feeling. "Well, I'm not really tired. I just feel sorta . . . sorta pinned down. I sure can't study tonight. Maybe I'll go see a movie. **Goldfinger's** good, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but I already saw it. Think I'll go to the game."

"Well, see ya."

"Yeah, bye".

He could almost develop an interest in the movie. The sensationalism was captivating. But his mind wandered and continually flashed him back to his desk and that one disgusting book. He finally lost the thread of the story and left.

He awoke Saturday with a vague sense of incompleteness and discontent. This was his day to study. He hurled himself through breakfast and, murmuring softly to himself, sat down to begin.

"Let's see. Parts 4 to 7, the Monroe Doctrine to World War I. Ugh! Well, let's go."

"It is impossible to show that Monroe's message had any great influence at the time it was issued. Great Britain sent the it was issued —"

"Damn it!"

"Great Britain sent the French a secret warning not to join in sea power to do anything but back down."

"Lord! What's the matter? Honor student! Promising young man! Why the hell can't I study? Ha! Why should I though? School's sickening . . . grades unimportant . . . a vulgar struggle for survival . . . a degrading influence . . . be free . . . soar! Ha! Ha!"

"But what am I gonna do this afternoon? . . . Sit down with a good book . . . Yeah, like **History of a Free People** . . . Ugh! . . . Lord, help us! . . . What was that book, though, in the living room? . . . Yeah . . . **Best Stories of H. G. Wells** . . . Yeah, that looks pretty good."

H. G. Wells may or may not be a good writer, but Alan found very little in his works that afternoon.

He seemed cut off. Everything escaped him. He had no more success with "Saturday Night at the Movies" than he had had with **Goldfinger** or **The Time Machine**.

Church was his one escape. It was his haven, his oasis. There he could count which song in the hymnal had the most verses or stare at the flickering

candles and totally escape. It was a sweet dream.

After another disastrous encounter with Monroe, he resigned himself to looking at the football game. Strange. He didn't see much.

It was Sunday night. He sat in the darkened living room, peering through the spotless window at the perfect white blanket on the front lawn and at its polluted boundary, the spattered sidewalk. He had long before given up hope of escape and gaped vacantly out the window. The bell rang. It was Pete.

"Hi, Al. You studied, I trust?"

"No, I just couldn't concentrate. I could never have done all that anyway. You?"

"Oh, absolutely. I'll make up some gyp sheets tonight. Wanna go bowling?"

"I don't know. What's with you anyhow? Why don't you study?"

Pete chuckled. "I guess I just don't have any pride. My morals have never been too elevated. Or maybe it's just my attitude toward school. I've never seen anything so ridiculous in my life. How could I care about anything so stupid? Assemblies, notices, bell-schedules! What a gas is formal education! Well, whatever it is, it all boils down to indifference. I just couldn't care less. So what are you going to do? Just sit here and vegetate?"

"I don't know. But say, you don't make sense. If you're so indifferent, why do you waste time with all your 'scientific techniques'? God, you can even cheat on oral talks!"

"My favorite indoor sport. No! Actually, everything I do has to be—to be different, unusual-like. Wouldn't you like to be looked at, whispered about? Everybody knows me. Nobody knows you. You're just a conformist."

"But don't you have any ethics at all?" Alan's thoughts were racing, trying to keep pace with the cataclysmic eruptions in his whole outlook.

Peter smiled blandly. "Oh, you're too much. Of course I've got ethics. Anything that's bad for me is unethical. How's that? We both want the same thing: oblivious security. Ha! There's a 50¢ phrase! Right out of Manter Hall. Good grades . . . popularity . . . an athlete . . . big man in the corridors . . . a fuel injected GTO . . . a good scholarship to a good college. What insulation! We

want to disappear! And you know I'm right! Honesty? Yeah! You're honest, and not only are you considered stupid, but you're going to flunk history for the term besides."

"But just cheating! It's so . . . crude," Alan faltered.

Still the bland smile. Peter knew this poor soul so well. "Not the way I do it," he purred.

"What can I do? I've got to get good marks at all costs, right? We all do. See? Even you agree with that. That means I can't flunk. And I can't just cheat. That's wrong, immoral. Besides, I might get caught. You know, I never did it before. So what would you do? Oh Lord, never mind that! What do you think I should do?"

"That's your problem. But what are you going to do? You're beginning to look more and more like that vegetable."

"I don't know. I've got to think." An edge of irritation crept into Alan's voice as he threw a piercing glance at his questioner.

With an elaborate air, Peter consulted his large, expensive wristwatch.

"It's getting late. I'd better go," he stammered, feeling Alan's frigidity.

"Yeah, bye."

Alan watched him glide down the walk, pass beneath the solitary street light, and disappear into the muddy darkness.

He started babbling again.

"God! What good is it? Honesty? Ridiculous? Never thought of it! Can't cheat! Can't flunk! Can't study! Great!! Never happened before . . . Can't understand it . . . What? . . . What? . . . Could get sick and take a makeup . . . not dishonest though! Just no time to study! Take it Friday . . . rack up . . . no sweat!"

Alan was at an important turning point and was feeling its effects. His extremities throbbed; his heart hammered; his spine seemed to quiver. His stomach seemed to expand and contract at the same time. Everything was upside down.

He knew now what he was to do. Better than any sleeping pill, the late news was dull as usual. That night he slept peacefully.

Peter was very busy. He was so revoltingly businesslike. With infinite care, he removed the watch's mechanism and outlined a sheet of paper to fit the face. He

wrote what seemed hundreds of vital facts on it with his highly sharpened no. 5 pencil. The delicate professional fingers inched a cylinder of information into his transparent pen. Wait! He had to re-sharpen his pencil. He filled out two small, white cards which he would tape to his shirt cuffs in the morning. A good night's work. He could hear the gasps of admiration and censure now. But they would be gasping at him. Him! And he would get an "A" tomorrow. Oh well, better get to bed. Had to do the answers on the fingernails in the morning. He slept too well.

Alan waited for his mother to come in and wake him this morning.

"C'mon lazy, time to hit the deck!"

"Mom, I feel sick."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, an upset stomach."

"Just get up and take an Alka-Seltzer. You'll feel better. I don't want you missing that exam today."

"But—"

"No but's! Let's go!"

Well, he would have to take extreme measures now. He groped into the bathroom and, with grim determination, rammed his forefinger down his throat. He choked, reeled, and threw up. That did it. He wasn't allowed out of the house all day.

Ponderous clouds hung overhead as Peter made his way through the hordes of exultant students. He felt the whining east wind, driving the fine mist of ashes from the waterfront smokestacks. He watched them settle down upon the pure snow and defile it. Yeah, he thought. "Chocolate Chip" snow. He looked up. No sun. He looked down. He felt his feet crunch over the mixture of clotted sand, sickly slush, and bluish green salt crystals as he turned up Alan's walk.

"Hi Al. How do you feel?"

"Sick."

"I really understand . . . just how you feel!"

"Listen, I couldn't take that test today. But I studied all morning. I think I'll take a make-up Friday. Been a scary weekend. I'm glad things are back to normal. How did you do?"

"Everything went well."

"It's dishonest, Pete."

"Guess so. But, you know, you're just as bad as I am."

"You're out of your mind. I'll really take the make-up honestly, and you just cheated."

"There are no degrees of dishonesty. Whenever you take unfair advantage over someone else, that's dishonesty."

"But I didn't cheat," Alan cried.

"Yes, you did." Peter smiled knowingly.

"Stop being so damn philosophical! What a moralist! Look who's talking!"

Peter was still smiling, watching him amusedly.

Frustration was in Alan's face. He had to forget this weekend. Had to do something. Had to get out. "What are you doing this afternoon?"

"Gotta go downtown and see about a job."

"Well, see ya."

"Yeah, bye."

As he watched Pete go down the walk again, Alan tried to think: Am I dishonest? . . . No, not really . . . Well, yeah, a little maybe . . . but never as bad as Pete . . . No! I'm a good student . . . never cheat."

The storm of ashes was almost visible now. Black snow. He glanced out at the front lawn, trying to focus his eyes on the sidewalk. It was no use. He could not distinguish the lawn from the concrete. Everything was so muddled. So muddled.

The Observer

*Naked and unarmed,
I am coming into your midst . . .
A shaper of future times.*

*In other ages have I come
To other peoples clutching at their gods.*

*Though I hear, I am not heard;
Though I see, I am not seen;
Though I live, I do not act.*

*I am but a feeling thing,
Crying softly . . . softly and in vain.*

*Bits and patches of many things,
A dull reflection of all that
I have borne witness to . . .*

Of all that proud man has done.

*The bleeding conscience of all troubled times,
An echo in the halls of feeling minds,
Coming from a timeless land . . .*

Coming to observe.

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

A SCENT OF SUMMER

Lawrence M. Jakmauh '65

IN THOSE EARLY years of my life, only two seasons existed — summer, (vacation) and winter, (school). On the sort of day I am recalling, there was a scent of summer in the air, and school was still in session. At the time, our family was living in a three-decker house, fairly high on a hill. My young imagination made our flat the tower of a castle, overlooking all my realms.

Early in the morning my friends would stand at the base of the castle and call up with owl-like hoots, animal cries, bird calls, and other strange-sounding signals (If you listen carefully on a Saturday morning, you may still hear them!). I'd then rush down the tortuous staircase, my footsteps clattering out a staccato beat on the thin-ridged rubber mats.

Some mornings the way to school was rerouted through the green sprawling park at the top of the hill. As we reached the crest of the hill and entered the park there, a little away and beneath us, was the ocean, symbol of adventure and excitement. From the blue satin sheets, the sun stretched his rays, and beamed a sleepy-eyed "Good Morning!" to us. How many times did the park resound with the cries of jungle-explorers, pirates, and well-intentioned crooks. Often we had to flee from the evil elders — usually fourth or fifth graders.

Then there was school. The nuns, at first foreboding, dark-clad sentinels, soon became kind storytellers with vast repertoires. The chosen select of the class got to clap the erasers, usually getting more chalk dust on themselves than anything else. A lucky child might be sent on an errand to another floor or down the hall. But the coveted honor was being entrusted with a message to Sister Su-

perior in the office. This *piece de resistance* invariably went to the last to fall in the latest spelling bee, or to the child whose bulletin board paper had the most gold stars. The thrill of this honor was diminished by the rumor that children had gone into the office and never been seen again. Most of us only half-believed this . . . I recall that at the end of each year there was an Arts Festival. One year, the whole class united their efforts for a mural-like affair of Joseph, speaking to the Christ Child in a grape arbor. My greatest skill seemed to be painting grapes. If our mural won a prize. I could proudly boast, "Yes, well my grapes helped!"

There were many idiosyncrasies my fellows and I shared in, such as seeing who could pull his socks up the nearest to his knees. The chief example which comes to my mind is chestnuts. I was lucky to have a chestnut tree in the yard next to mine. The green-shelled nuts fell into my yard, thus affording me an unlimited supply. There was also a chestnut tree right beside the school. Many a time, a daring youth would scale the chain-link fence to jam his pockets full of the prickly nuts, risking a nun's wrath. What was there about chestnuts that made us value them so? It was said that certain dextrous children made pipes out of them, but none of us smoked. Still, we vied with each other in getting the biggest collection of horse chestnuts, which we then hoarded as seriously as any miser did his treasure.

The arrival of summer also meant the opening of the yo-yo season. One yo-yo would appear in the schoolyard. The next day, a child was not accepted socially unless he, too, had a yo-yo of some sort.

Vying was rampant once more, only in several categories: color, size, (They often ranged from the size of a quarter to a saucer), the number of "diamonds", and ability to do such tricky maneuvers as "Walk the doggy", "Around the world", "The cat's cradle", and many others.

During the last few weeks of school, after the nuns had marched us across the street, and down to the corner, we'd start singing: "Twelve more days and we'll be free, honey, honey! Twelve more days and we'll be free, babe, babe! Twelve more days and we'll be free, from this penitentiary! Honey, oh babe, be mine!" It was a sacrificial, ritualistic hymn, expressing our joy over that freedom soon to be ours. . . .

Imagination! That's what so many adults now lack. Children are perfectly frank and imaginative, and that's why we treasure them so. Both imagination and candor seem, in late years, packed away in the attic with the toy soldiers

What writers we were in those days! Talk of your modern playwrights! Why we would produce, write, direct, and star in all of our productions. Like the Bard, we had tragedies, comedies, and history plays. Even though our audience might be someone's baby brother, we lived each line. Another aspect of childhood never ceases to amaze. It is how games, songs, and catch words are passed on from one generation of children to the next. I suppose the younger children, tagging along with the older, pick up everything subconsciously, like a tape recorder. Yet you must hear a song which only kids sang when you were a child, and wonder how it passed intact to the children of today.

Toys today do too much for kids. What fun is there in pressing a button? What sense of accomplishment, and thus fun? I recall that my friends and I used the gifts of nature to manufacture many of our toys. Yes, there were water guns in my day, but few of the elaborate machines which pass for toys today. The branches of lilac bushes made excellent bows and arrows . . . Speaking of lilacs, their blooming was the real signal of summer's arrival. The nuns would prevent us from bringing them to school, (Often flowers were brought to grace a religious statue.), saying that they made you sleepy. This was not exactly true. Yet, in breathing in their fragrance, I

invariably fell into a daydream of tropic paradises and exotic lands.

I couldn't thumb through summerish memories without mentioning Louie's. Where can I begin? Louie's was a tiny variety store on the corner. Nowadays, only a few still exist in remote regions of South Boston and Dorchester.

Louie's had everything: candy, comics, soft drinks, newspapers, bread, milk, glider planes, kites, pickles, potatoes, and the poor boy's answer to a hot day, the popsicle. The store was down the street, beyond the garden with the grape arbor. It was an adventurous outing just to go there, even if we bought nothing.

What we went through to scrape together a nickel! Each of us went to his respective home to try his luck. Sometimes I could extract pennies from my glass bank with a nailfile. If this failed, I would look through all the furniture. The last resort was to go through all my clothes pockets. When at last a nickel was produced, there was a general argument as to what to buy. (**Then**, everything was shared!). A popsicle was delicious, but was quickly gone. A comic book was a good investment, since it could later be traded for another. But if a popsicle won out, what flavor? Grape or orange?

Such were the issues of the day, and often of the night. One of my favorite dreams, aside from the one in which I would fly from the tiny high window of my room, and soar over the sleeping homes, was that of Louie handing me a huge pile of comic books free gratis. Unfortunately, I usually woke up before I could carry them home to read.

When at last the long days of summer arrived, we ran out to find a boulder for a ship, and dirt for the sea. A sparrow was an eagle; a cat, a lion. We'd stalk, and be stalked. Danger lurked beside the garage, or behind the ash barrels. But we intrepidly faced each new attack because that was one of the rules. Then we ran to Louie's for popsicles or comics.

When darkness came, we regretfully parted. Yet we knew that tomorrow held just as many trials and smiles, and most important, just as many friends. As we got into bed, kicking off the light blanket, we were happy to hear the cricket serenade from the high grass beneath our windows.

If we were still awake when the moon
floated like a white balloon across the
dark, spangled, circus-tent canopy, we

smiled, for we knew that after the moon
came the soft dawn on a pale breeze,
bearing with it the scent of summer.

Infusoria

*Circles and lines, the lives of men,
Drawn by ruler and compass of Fate, overlapping, intertwining to
Eternity.*

*BE NOT STRAIGHT LINES! . . . Those misanthropic miscreants,
Who never see the light of Infinity!*

*Straight lines converge in the dark vertex. . .
In the dark vortex*

*Of
Death.
Rather be circles . . . No beginning and . . .
no end . . .*

Requiem Renaissance

*Don't let them say,
"How well he looks."
"How soon he went."
"How young he was."*

*At my wake,
Let
them
dance. . .*

*Not sit and weep. . .
For either I have found eternal rest,
Or else I am no more. . .*

*So be glad you knew me when I was alive.
Recall the anecdotes I told, and laugh at them as if I
were now with you. . .*

*Or comment on just what I tried to do,
And if I did, at last, succeed. . .*

*But
PLEASE
NO
TEARS!*

*For I have sown the seeds
I was assigned —
And either roses bloomed,
Or bloody weeds. . .*

— L. M. Jakmauh, '65



TURN
BACK,
YOU
FOOLS !!!

John Philbrook '66

SUMMERTIME IS once again upon us; vacation is almost here. Many will flee the stifling heat of the cities and seek the fresh air of the seaside, the mountains, and/or the country. Perhaps, you and your family will swell this number for a portion or all of the summer. Fine. But whatever you do this summer, **DO NOT** go to New Hampshire!!!

It was a balmy day towards the end of June when Mother called a general assembly of her offspring. When all five had seated themselves, Mother began gleefully, "Your father and I have a surprise for you!" Four smiles illuminated the room (My little brother hates surprises). "We're all going to New Hampshire for a two week vacation!" Two of my sisters fainted; the third started crying.

"I knew it!!" said my little brother, beating his head against the wall. I myself merely walked away, quietly biting my lip.

Now you may think that any child would jump at the chance of vacationing in New Hampshire and that these five were just spoiled brats. That just goes to show you the wrong impressions people can get from reading the first few paragraphs of a story. We had all had the

same "surprise" the summer before. Then, we were very happy about it, almost ecstatic. But that was because we had never been to New Hampshire before. Now, here we were one year later and two weeks wiser about New Hampshire. . .

Two hunger strikes, three picketings, and one attempted suicide later, we were off to "glorious New Hampshire, where Nature lives year 'round." (At this point, we must give New Hampshire credit for one thing: It has a marvelous propaganda machine.)

The journey through Massachusetts was uneventful, except for a border incident. Five children, ranging in ages from nine to sixteen, were seen running frantically in the direction of Boston. They were, however, returned safely to their parents within twenty minutes. That damned efficient Highway Patrol!

Once into New Hampshire, no one dared get out of the car. We drove through the cities until we reached the last big one we would encounter on our trip. This was called Manchester and is famous for the lovely woolen sweaters, which are made in the city's huge woolen mills. If you ever saw those woolen mills, you would never be able to look at another sweater for the duration of your life. I have seen some pretty dumpy look-

ing factories, but those woolen mills are the most indescribably dumpy buildings I have yet to come across. If the rest of Manchester is anything like the mills, it's not a city, but a glorified slum.

But soon we were out of Manchester and into "the picturesque farming region." This area is so shabby that it looks like an extension of the Manchester mills.

"The picturesque farming region" gave way to the "frolicsome forests." Mother, who loves trees, took this opportunity to strike up a conversation. "Isn't this beautiful!" she exclaimed. There followed a grim silence, like the exquisite silence just as a coffin is being lowered into the ground.

"I just know you'll all love it!" assured Mother, undaunted. This time there was a general muttering, highlighted by one embittered cry of "Optimist!" This last from my nine year old brother Walter.

"This certainly is God's country!" exulted Mother, looking at the scenery again.

"Yes," nodded Kathy sagely. "This is no man's land."

"Can't we turn back now?" asked eleven year old Mary Ann.

"It's not too late!" added fourteen year old Theresa.

"Yes! Let's turn back!!!" said nine year old Kathy (Walter's twin).

"Oh, no! We couldn't do that!" protested Mother (age unknown).

"Oh, please!" said Mary Ann.

"Please?" asked Walter.

"No." Mother was adamant.

"Pretty please with a cherry on top?" asked Kathy.

"Aw come on!" said John.

"Just this once?" pleaded Theresa.

"Just for me?" asked little Brendan, who up to this time had not participated in the conversation at all, not being born yet.

There then followed a tempest of "Pleases?" and "Pretty please with cherries on top?". All this noise finally woke up Father, who was driving (In New Hampshire it does not matter whether you are awake at the wheel or not). A resonant "Shut up!!!" ended all further debate.

At length, we arrived at our destination: one of those "charming out-of-the-way cottages." It was so out-of-the-way that we spent an extra half hour trying

to find the place, without knowing that we had already passed it four times. When the five of us saw the place, we realized that Mom and Dad had done it again. It was on the same lake as last year's cottage, was twice as small as last year's cottage, cost twice as much to rent as last year's cottage, and we rented it from (I swear) the original Ma and Pa Kettle.

We were a few feet away from the lake and right on top of it when it rained. We had running water, but it was from the lake and unfit to drink. For drinking water we had to walk to a half dried up underground well, and pump. We did not mind any of this, but we did mind the poor aerial reception. We could only pick up one station on our radio, and there was too much static to hear it very well. Outside of the radio, we had no connection whatever with the outside world. My hapless little sister Kathy happened to bemoan this fact. Her complaints about not having a television to watch led my father to a memorable speech:

"When I was a little boy, we didn't have all these things you have today. We didn't have a television. We didn't have a record-player. We didn't have a car."

This little dissertation is memorable only because of Kathy's reply:

"Aren't you lucky you're living with us now!"

Besides dogmatic skirmishes among our selves, we also had formidable encounters with the local inhabitants: One day, the clock in the car broke down, and since my father had left his watch at home, we stopped in front of a field to ask a farmer, who was mending fences, what time it was. He looked up at us suspiciously and then said, or rather asked, "What cha wanna know fer?" It seems that this was the only thing the hick knew how to say. No matter what we asked him or told him, the reply was always the same, "What cha wanna know fer?"

Another time, we went to a laundramat in a nearby hamlet. My mother put the clothes in the machine and then left me there on guard while she did a little shopping. At noon time, the owner of the laundramat went home for lunch. He was relieved by his brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's son. Apparently, they

thought that I was a fellow New Hampshirinian because when my mother drove up, with that Massachusetts license plate gleaming in the sun, they turned towards one another with broad grins. "Here comes another one!" said the hick to his son. I had no idea of what they were planning for my poor mother, but I could practically smell money in the air. My mother walked in joyfully like many a poor unsuspecting Massachusetts woman had probably done before. The old hick stopped her dead in her tracks, saying, "Pardon me, m'am, but did you pay your entrance fee?"

"Let's get out of this dump, ma," said I, picking up the overlaid laundry basket. Old Clyde's smiling face fell a yard. The fish had been snatched from the hook.

* * *

A few days later, we drove up in front of a country general store with a sign in the window proclaiming the price of milk to be ninety-three cents a gallon. Sure enough, the storekeeper saw the Massachusetts license plate gleaming in the sun. It only took us a few seconds to park the car and get inside, but in those few seconds the price of milk had skyrocketed.

"I'll take two gallons of milk and a loaf of bread," said Mother politely.

"Let's see," said the storekeeper. "Two gallons of milk at a dollar and a quarter a gallon comes to —"

"A dollar and a quarter a gallon!"

protested Mother. "But the sign says ninety-three cents!"

"Gotta stay in business, ya know," came the reply.

"Forget it!!!" said Mother as she stormed out the door. At last, she was beginning to see New Hampshire.

* * *

Yes, siree! For unparalleled unfriendliness you cannot beat New Hampshire. I have often heard people complain about how cold, unfeeling, and inhospitable Bostonians are. This may be true, but let these people come to Boston by way of New Hampshire. 'Twill be like coming from hospitality's North Pole to hospitality's Equator.

We finally escaped New Hampshire, but not until we had served out our full two week sentence. Since then, Kathy, Mary, Theresa, Walter, and Johnny have banded together to completely block all plans of New Hampshire vacationing. Five children have been left with an indelible impression of a state, and no tourist pamphlets or similar propaganda can change this wonderful first-hand impression. Take our word for it: New Hampshire is no place to spend a vacation, especially if you have a Massachusetts license plate to gleam under the New Hampshire sun and let all the New Hampshirinians know that you are from Massachusetts. In New Hampshire, the words "Massachusetts resident" are synonymous with "sucker" and "fool" and "easy mark." It is no place to spend a vacation. **TURN BACK, YOU FOOLS!!!**

Transcendancy To Humility

*Fierce determination sees me through
From naked ignorance and morning dew;
Redeeming those before me in a new light,
To spark future minds by a gifted sight.*

*Considering their need I yield
To let human ascendancy move ahead;
That it may blunder wisely,
Composing its nature sedately.*

*For my world's sunset is the next's dawn,
Never assenting to abase its horizons.*

— John F. Azzone '66

DISCUSSION: THE MODERN NOVEL

G. T. Tedeschi '66

Among the many critics who have attempted a definition of the modern novel, there is little unanimity of opinion as to what constitutes its essence. Whereas some critics have formulated systematic definitions of the modern novel, most have not, and feel that such arbitrary definitions are impossible. However, the critics can usually arrive at a rough consensus as to the modernity of a particular novel. This consensus reflects, I feel, a basic agreement as to the characteristics of the modern novel.

In 1884, the American novelist Henry James published an essay called **The Art Of Fiction**. This essay portended what has come to be called the modern novel. In it, James disapproved of the apologetic tone in the works of many novelists. He said of Anthony Trollope: "He admits that the events he narrates have not really happened, and that he can give his narrative any turn the reader may like best. Such a betrayal of a sacred office seems to me, I confess, a terrible crime. . . . It implies that the novelist is less occupied in looking for the truth than the historian, and in doing so, it deprives him at a stroke of all his standing room. To represent and illustrate the past, the actions of man, is the task of either writer."

Although a writer of fiction, the modern novelist is concerned with truth. Although he is the sole master of his work, the modern novelist cannot give his narrative "any turn the reader may like best." Once he has created a character, he is bound by truth to lead that char-

acter to his fate, the fate expected by an intelligent reader familiar with the character and situations involved. The truth in the novel becomes, therefore, the truth in life. Thus, when a novelist such as Albert Camus creates a Meursault, the indifferent murderer, he cannot change that character's fate. Meursault does not miraculously escape his cell and live "happily ever after," but satisfies the reader's expectations by hanging for his crime.

James did not believe that the novel should be exclusively a tale of adventure, one thrilling incident after another. He said: "It is an incident for a woman to stand up with her hand resting on a table and look at you in a certain way." Today, the term "thriller" may be applied equally as well to a murder mystery as to a psychological novel, and although high adventure, romance, and blood-curdling tales are still with us in many of the modern novels, the modern novelist does not have to include these elements in his work, and may carry out his narrative with few of the elemental restrictions of his predecessors.

One of the most significant innovations made by the modern novelist is in the area of what I choose to call creative reading, and what others have called a return to romanticism and suggestion. In the older novels, an omniscient author looked through the window and described the action occurring outside. An example of this is the manner in which Hawthorne, in **The Scarlet Letter**, speaks directly to the reader:

This rose-bush, by a strange chance, has been kept alive in history; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wilderness, so long after the fall of the gigantic pines and oaks that originally overshadowed it—or whether, as there is fair authority for believing, it had sprung up under the footsteps of the sainted Ann Hutchinson, as she entered the prison-door—we shall not take upon us to determine. Finding it so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inauspicious portal, we could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers, and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow.

On the other hand, there is William Faulkner in **Intruder in the Dust**. Faulkner's narrative is a striking contrast to that of Hawthorne.

. . . because you escape nothing, you flee nothing; the pursuer is what is doing the running and tomorrow night is nothing but one long sleepless wrestle with yesterday's omissions and regrets.): who had pretermitted not even a death nor even a death to Lucas, Lucas in ten thousand Sambo avatars to scurry unheeding and not even aware through that orifice like mice through the slot of a guillotine until at the One unheeding moment the unheeding unwitting uncaring chopper falls; tomorrow or at least tomorrow or at most tomorrow and perhaps this time to intervene where angels fear no white and black children sixteen and an old white spinster long on the way to eighty; who ran, fled not even to deny Lucas but just to keep from having to send up to him by the drugstore porter a can of tobacco not at all to say they were sorry...

Now, in a modern novel, the reader himself is looking through the window and is experiencing the action directly, without interpretation. To reiterate the oft-quoted words of Joyce: "The artist . . . remains . . . invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails." In fact, the feeling of audience participation is so strong in some modern novels, that several critics maintain that the true form of the novel is the series of emotions experienced by the reader. The modern novelist seeks to draw his reader into, and make him a part of the world he has created. The modern novelist desires to present life as it is.

Allied with this attempt to seat the reader in front of the window is an increasing emphasis on the word, the one medium with which the novelist has to work. Works, like the paints of the artist, are selected with the care of the poet so that the novel, although written in prose,

tends toward poetry. I quote as an example from Chapter 1 of James Joyce's **ULYSSES**. "Woodshadows floated silently through the morning peace from the stairhead seaward where he gazed. Inshore and farther out the mirror of water whitened, spurned by lightshod hurrying feet. White breast of the dim sea. The twining stresses, two by two. A hand plucking the harpstrings merging their twining chords. Wavewhite wedded words shimmering on the dim tide."

From the two foregoing developments, the third major development springs. It is the unity of form and content, which, in turn, leads to an emphasis on technique. The novelist seeks to make form and content inseparable, as in music. Because music is the art form which most effectively blends form and content, many of the greatest novels have been "composed" rather than written. For a substantiation of this point we need only look at three of the truly great modern novels: **ULYSSES**, by James Joyce, especially the "Sirens" episode, **The Magic Mountain**, by Thomas Mann with its leitmotif construction, and **Remembrance of Things Past**, by Marcel Proust, especially the opening "Overture". Stuart Gilbert, in his study called **James Joyce's Ulysses**, says:

All through **ULYSSES** we find references to famous singers, to music and the fascination of music; the book itself is constructed on a musical pattern and has much of the formal intricacy of a fugue . . . In fact, the musical basis of Joyce's style, specifically illustrated in the episode of the "Sirens", is one of the several factors distinguishing it from the work of any other writer . . . the "Sirens" both in structure and in diction goes far beyond all previous experiments in the adaptation of musical technique and timbre to a work of literature . . . The literary technique here employed is an exact transposition of the musical treatment of the "leitmotif", the Wagnerian method. . . . The language and content of this episode (its technique is the "fuga per canonem") is rarely simple; there are generally two, three or four overlapping "parts", which, synchronized by intertwinement in the same sentence, or closely juxtaposed, produce the effect of a chord of music. . . ."

Finally, the last major area in which the modern novelist has worked is that of character. In his attempt to make of the reader almost a co-creator, the novelist has widened the spectrum of his characters, both in terms of type, and in terms of consciousness. Whereas most pre-

modern novelists tended to consider merely the political, social, or religious man, the modern novelist seeks to capture the total man, and he seeks to represent this total man truthfully. I shall use as an example a character already mentioned, Meursault. The novel, **The Stranger**, by Albert Camus, begins with the death of Meursault's mother. He does not feel deeply because he believes his mother had no better world to live in. He does not allow her death to interfere with his swim or his seeing his mistress, Marie. He does not care whether his affair with Marie develops into marriage or not. He does not care whether he is transferred to Paris or not, because life in Paris can be no better than life where he is. At the end of the book, a priest urges him to think about the future. It is consistent with the character of Meursault, that Camus has developed so well, that he cannot be influenced or concerned to any great degree. He explains to the priest:

Every man alive was privileged; there was only one class of men, the privileged class. All alike would be condemned to die one day; his turn, too, would come like the others'. And what difference could it make if, after being charged with murder, he were executed because he didn't weep at his mother's funeral, since it all came to the same thing in the end ... What difference could they make to me: the deaths of others, or a mother's love, or his God; or the way a man decides to live, the fate he thinks he chooses since one and the same

fate was bound to 'choose' not only me but thousands of millions...

Not all modern novels will possess all four major characteristics that I have described, but they will possess at least some of them.

The distinction between the contemporary and the modern is necessary when one is faced with the task of applying the above characteristics to the novel. The mere fact that a novel is concerned with contemporary problems does not, in my estimation, make of the work a modern novel. Some critics maintain that the only relation between current novels is the time in which they were written. For example, **Brave New World**, by Aldous Huxley, will have to seek other bases to justify its inclusion in the category of modern novel, since the book is more polemic than novel. In the case of **Intruder in the Dust**, however, I feel that it does possess such a basis. I refer to the effort made by Faulkner to draw us into the experience of the novel and the consciousness of the boy through a modification of the technique of stream of consciousness.

It is the aim of the modern novel, therefore, to seat us at the window and have us view the whole world from the point of view of a character who is rendered almost in his totality, and from an aesthetic point of view, consistently and truthfully.

A Solitary Drop

A drop clings to the bright, chrome fixture...

Or is it a drop?

A tear, perhaps,

About to shed itself into the sea of all sorrow,

Quivering, despairing, trying to fulfill itself;

Trying to join with all other sorrows,

Trying to merge with others... lonely;

Trying to seep below the bleached indifference, the polished silver,

Trying to join others... other hearts...

*Just under the white surface of sameness, just below the cold porcelain...
the hard shell.*

It shakes loose... and for a moment...

Can see the pity... the empathy... it strives for.

All in vain!

*Battering itself against the harshness... the unfeeling... the glazed outer
surface,*

Unmoving, to lie dormant in the basin...

Its goal ungained... its hope destroyed...

Its warmth, its essence, frozen by the impersonal cold,

Its substance left to die a sad, lonely death...

— Kenneth Bechis '66

Escape

*Thomas, the shallow man,
Bellows from his castle wall,
Raving wildly beneath the maddening sun,*

*"Mine the victory, mine the prize,
Escaped have I from piercing eyes...
The tongues of talkers have been broken,
The heads of the mob stand impaled on pins,
The blood of haters has turned to water..."*

*"Enough — My friend Fool approaches.
(‘Friend’? I doubt him, but...)
Speak, Fool."*

*"Fool am I but foolish are you
To think for a moment that you knew
The true and only meaning of ‘escape’..."*

*"The very few escape...
Beware, my friend.
Beware the Dungeon, that bitter place
Whence none return to love the wind..."*

*"Thomas, Thomas, Thomas,
Blessed are they who have not yet seen
And who never will!"*

*The young Icarus, long since fallen,
Wingless, to the sweaty pavement.
Plunged to the depths, hopeless calling:*

*"I am not one of you petty beings
And cannot bear to suffer on the Wheel,
The suffering of your beady-eyed scrutiny.
Have you flown beyond the limits
Into the burning eye of the gods?"*

*"I have.
I shall fly again."*

*"My escape, an undetectable exit...
Pop — and it's over!"*

*"I can slip through a pin hole,
Like the Camel through the needle's eye
Out of this world, into my own... Don't push me*

*"Don't push or you'll crush me...
Please, don't push!"*

*In the corner staring blankly
Sits a once and future man,
Knees drawn up beneath his chin,
A refugee from life.*

*Now others more in touch than he
Shall teach him, silent now, to talk again,
Shall teach him, legless now, to walk again,
Shall teach him, dead, to live again.*

*Five bummed dimes are the price of liquid ecstasy.
Pushing hard for his escape,
The Genie of the Bottle pops the cork...*

*"I wish this time it lets me hide
All the things that I once was.
I wish it makes me warm inside;
I haven't been warm inside since God knows when.
I wish Jack saves my spot on the park bench..."*

*Thomas, the shallow man,
Whimpers softly from his*

Dungeon:

*"I have seen and now am blind;
I have heard and now am deaf.
I have felt and all is*

*"soft, soft...
Everything is so damned
soft..."*

*"Swallowing me up...
soft floor,
soft walls;
I can't reach the ceiling
but I bet it's soft too..."*

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

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THE HERO

Ralph Halpern '69

I WAS LOUNGING peacefully in my seat in the smoking car while the train sped onward from Cleveland, Ohio, to Evansville, Indiana. I heard someone approaching and looked up to find a tall, mean-looking man staring down at me.

"Move over," he ordered gruffly. I promptly obliged him.

"My name is Michaels," he began, "Detective Robert Michaels. I'm going to ask you a few questions, so kindly answer me. Don't leave anything out, not even anything you might think isn't important at all. Now, what is—"

"Hold it," I interrupted. "What's this all about?"

"If you must know, about fifteen minutes before this train left Cleveland, the station office was robbed. The clerk said he saw a young man with dark hair, like yours, run out of the office and onto the train. Now, what's your name?"

I just sat there, shocked for a moment or two, before answering, "Peter Johnson." Here I was: a dull accountant for a two bit insurance agency suddenly being accused of robbery!

"Mr. Johnson," Michaels was saying, "If you'll just answer my questions it will be a lot easier for both of us." Then, as if reading my mind, he added, "You know, there are a lot of young men on this train with dark hair. Sure, we'll keep an eye on you, but there's little to worry about, especially if you're innocent."

"We?" I asked unconsciously.

"Yes. There are others who are work-

ing with me on this case. Right now they are questioning other passengers. Now will you answer my questions?"

"Sure," I said. The interrogation continued. First there were a few questions about my private life, and then Michaels asked about my stay in Cleveland and how I had spent my time before boarding the train. I answered everything truthfully. Finally he was done.

"Goodbye, Mr. Johnson. I shall speak to you later. Oh, I suggest you stay here where you won't be in our way." Michaels departed into the next car.

Once he was gone, Michaels' remarks really started to sink in. After the first shock I had grown more confident, after each of Michaels' questions, that I would not be unjustly accused. After all, the police department couldn't make such a ghastly mistake. Or could they? I was playing a game of mental ping-pong and common sense was losing. Worry started to creep into my mind. I found myself sitting there, thinking whether or not I knew any lawyers!

Suddenly a new thought came to mind. I went back in time to Cleveland, twenty years ago...

"Billy, on behalf of all the staff here at Cleveland Heights Junior High School," my teacher Miss Timmons was saying, "I would like to congratulate you for your recent heroic deeds."

"Thank you very much, Miss Timmons," Billy replied graciously.

"After all," Miss Timmons continued,

"it's not every young boy who gets to have his name and picture in the Cleveland Heights **Daily Dispatch**."

As Miss Timmons rambled on about how we should all imitate Billy's honesty, I was thinking of different things: this morning we had been standing around the school when Jimmy Golligan had said:

"How do you like that Billy?"

"Yeah," I replied. "He finds a few dollars and becomes the greatest thing on earth."

Bobby Durrel rose to Billy's defense. "Well, he was honest and gave it to the police."

"That doesn't matter. What does is his attitude. We can't let him carry on like Superman, hero of the world."

"I agree. Billy used to be a good kid and now he's changing into a real brat."

"I guess we'll just have to wai—"

I was brought back to the present by a sudden nudging of my shoulder by the person in back of me.

"Hey buddy, my lighter ran out of fluid. Mind if I borrow yours for a second?"

"No, no. Here. Use it all you like," I obliged.

"Thanks. I appreciate it."

Once he was finished with his business, I returned to mine. Where was I? Oh yes. Billy Thomas, "the hero." Now what had made me think of him at a time like this? I finally let myself admit it; I was jealous. At the beginning I thought Billy's conceit would go away, but if anything it became stronger as each day passed. Then when we were old enough to date, the girls flocked toward Billy while they bypassed me. As we grew older the jealousy in me grew stronger.

But here was my chance. It was a chance in a lifetime to get even with Billy. Me, a hero! And then, after clearing up details for my biography and a movie about me (starring Rock Hudson, of course), I would return to Cleveland and see Billy, and, best of all, he would be jealous of me. I must admit I was quite enthusiastic but I just had that feeling that for once in my life, everything would work out as I had planned.

After I calmed a little, I began to realize the immensity of the job I had just

undertaken. After all, people spend years studying criminology and how to catch thieves before joining the police force. But here I was about to catch a crook single-handedly, without a single clue to go on.

The only experience I'd ever had catching criminals was from reading **True Detective Stories** and watching **Naked City**. And neither of these was of much help to me because one week the police were catching the criminal right off the bat, and the next time the wrong man was in jail until the star found the true culprit! I was losing some of my original confidence but finally decided just to look around and try to pick out possible suspects from among my fellow passengers.

As I looked around the car I was in, I found only three others besides myself who could possibly fit the description given by the clerk. The first was a handsome young man who was sitting by himself a few seats in back of me smoking peacefully while reading a magazine entitled **Great Escape Stories**. (I wondered if he were reading it or studying it).

Across the aisle was another young fellow with a small scar above his left eye. He, like myself, seemed to be surveying the other passengers. I noticed something bulging in his left jacket pocket (a gun?), and there was a newspaper on the seat next to him.

The third and last person who I felt could be a possible suspect was another man about my age sitting a few rows back of me on the other side of the car. His most noticeable feature was his dark penetrating eyes. I stared at him for a few seconds and then he turned around and looked at me with those piercing eyes of his. I quickly looked away. Near his feet was a large briefcase (filled with money?) and since he seemed the most interesting of the three, I decided to concentrate on him. I wandered over to an empty seat next to him and invited myself to sit down.

"Hi," I said pleasantly, my mouth feeling dry.

All he did was to glance at me; I shrank from his look.

I decided to try again. "Nice night, isn't it?" I asked.

Finally he spoke. "What do you want?"

"Nothing. Just someone to talk to."

"I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"Let me judge that. Say, did you hear about the big robbery at the train station?" I asked, trying to arouse his interest.

"Who cares?" he answered gruffly.

This failed to stop me and I went on: "Before the train left somebody held up the station and stole a lot of money. The police say he's on the train right now. They probably even think it could be one of us!"

He didn't seem amused so I tried my last card to attract his interest. "There's probably a reward for catching the thief."

It worked. He finally showed a sign of life as he raised his eyebrows. "Now you're beginning to make sense."

I figured as long as I had his interest, I'd try to get to know him. "By the way, what's your name?"

"Mike Pollings," he replied, hesitating.

"I'm Peter Johnson." I offered him my hand but he merely glanced at it. I let it drop.

If there's one thing that can make two total strangers the best pals in the world, it's liquor. So I asked if he wanted to go to the club car. At first he refused, but after much urging on my part and an offer to pay for the drinks he agreed.

We were in the club car for about an hour. After one drink Mike spoke more freely; after two we were calling each other by our first names; and at the end of one hour we were best friends. Isn't it surprising what a few little drinks can do?

After paying for our drinks and upon returning to our seats, we started to talk once again about the robbery. I voiced my thoughts aloud and said: "Mike, see that fellow across the aisle reading the magazine? I've been watching him and I think he may be our man."

"Really?" Mike exclaimed astonished. I wasn't sure if this was genuine surprise or the effect of the liquor. "He looks so... so innocent."

"That's just it. Don't you ever read detective stories? The one you least expect always turns out to be the crook. It never fails."

"Well, he is young and does have dark hair, but are you sure?"

"Pretty sure. Anyway we can always keep an eye on him, and if he tries any-

thing..." I banged my right fist into my left palm.

Well, it seemed that every few seconds one of us would look across the car at the stranger. What we expected to find I can't say. Perhaps we thought he might disappear between glimpses, or maybe even pull out a gun and steal our money. However, much to our disappointment, nothing of the sort happened; he just continued reading.

By 10:30 most of the other passengers were beginning to doze off as the train approached Dayton, but Mike and I were still going strong. We were telling each other about ourselves when Mike told me:

"A few years ago my house was robbed. It just so happened that any other night I would have been home, but that night I had gone to visit an old friend. Anyway I decided to play it safe and went to a near-by gym where I learned ju-jitsu. The course was very thorough and now I can knock a man unconscious or even kill him with one well placed blow."

"Boy, I'm glad I'm on your side," I laughed, putting up my hands in a mock defense.

While we were talking happily, our friend across the way, who had been smoking peacefully, suddenly started to put away his magazine and cigarettes as if preparing to go somewhere. Mike and I quickly made up a plan of action. Just before it seemed that the stranger was about to leave his seat, Mike would get up and watch the stranger from the car behind us. Then after the stranger started to leave I would follow him, and, if it looked as though he was about to do anything out of place, like jumping off the train as it slowed down to stop, Mike and I would seize him.

You can't imagine how excited I was. I figured by morning the story would be on every front page of every newspaper in the country. Of course I would give some credit to Mike, but since it was my plan, I would be the one in the headline. I had only one regret: I would not be in Cleveland to see the look on Billy's face as he read the story at breakfast. He'd probably choke on his coffee! Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the stranger's abrupt rising.

Mike quickly left his seat and entered

the next car. Then as the stranger was passing by me, I too arose, but by mistake my knee crashed into the briefcase he was carrying, jarring it from his grasp and knocking it to the floor. The case opened to reveal hundreds of dollar bills which scattered every where.

"Mike!" I yelled as loud as I could.

Immediately after I called, the crook turned around and swung at me, hitting me soundly in the chest. The blow caught me off balance and sent me sprawling down the aisle. The hubbub of the last few seconds had awakened all the sleeping passengers, just in time to see Mike rush in and, with one blow of his excellent ju-jitsu knock the thief to the floor and pin him there.

By then Detective Michaels had been alerted, and he came into the car also. He looked at the crook, then at Mike, then at me, and finally at one of the nearby passengers who told Michaels exactly what he had seen: how Mike had come flying through the door to capture the thief single-handedly. During the explanation the police had taken the criminal off Mike's hands, and a crowd had gathered around Mike who was graciously accepting friendly pats on the back and hearty congratulations.

I arose from my sprawled position on the floor and sat down in an empty seat where I promised myself that from now on I would leave the heroism to John Wayne and the police.

In The Courtyard Of Ruined Tenements

*Rough, brick-red walls stretch sunward on four dark silent sides.
The sunlight reaches down, and spills and scatters tame shadows of ink
from the wildly tangled iron of the fire-escapes.
The sunlight reaches down the walls, but does not reach so far
as where I stand.
And shadow is caught in every crack and gash and line,
under every ruined window sill.
Shadow is trapped behind the walls; in the empty ruined rooms.
And they are gone who filled this house
like many points of memory in a waking brain;
each an infinity in itself
but together so helplessly disordered.
All that they were is traced on these walls,
in every crack and gash and line,
and mixed in the darkness which they left behind
these ruined walls.
Walls, which once thrust themselves
toward the sky in a smooth journey of bricks,
go crooked now.
Ruined, ruined,
so jagged, so broken, so punished by time's quiet hand!
But I sense a calm here now,
the calm of hopeless ruined things.
and I hear no sound,
not even the murmur of hearts.*

— G. Gopal Sukhu '67

The First Fly Of Summer

*I met him on the streetcar,
He buzzed about the glass,
And seemed to say to me,
"Why fly when I can ride?
Don't stare disdainfully!
The winter's heavy amulet
Still hangs around your bundled neck.
Cast off those passé coverings!
Oh, can't you sniff the lilac's drug?
Or feel the sun, magnetic-like,
Which pulls the grass up to the sky?
It's summer now you 'thinking beast',
Enjoy it while it lasts!
Lie back upon the bank,
Before the chance has passed!"*

Hallucination Ellucidation

*Lies, deceits, excuses,
To myself,
By myself...*

*A thin thread linked to
another thread
linked to
a cobweb, spider's web.*

— Lawrence M. Jakmauh '65

*Taut rope. Tightrope. Oops!
Careful!
Mustn't fall into my own
TRAP...*

Too late!

Suffocating in a cocoon of silky, suicidal self-deception...

Lines After Visiting Amherst

*Emily, dear Emily, don't hide yourself away!
I know some friends to whom a visit you might pay.*

*"You ask too much, kind sir!
To come forth from my cell,
To risk the sun's sharp rays,
Outside my dim-lit shell."*

*Emily, dear Emily, be not content to stay!
Desert the wall-like hedge! Come forth today, I pray.*

*"You ask too much, kind sir!
Perhaps some other day.
For I have seen the world,
And my world turned away."*



THE SANDS OF TIME

Kenneth Bechis '66

THE CITY was now an eroded mass of ruins. At each hump in the desert, at each uncovered wall, at each streak of faded color, there had once been buildings . . . people . . . life. But there was nothing left now. Nothing but the sand and the sun and the sky and the wind.

Conroy had just awakened. His lean body felt as if it had been torn apart. The pain was everywhere; it was a network of bare electric wires stretching throughout his body, touching his nerves, brushing against his bones, muscles, skin. His joints were locked, solidified; his skeleton had turned to rigid steel.

Gingerly, he bent his arms and legs. The pain was unbearable. His chest heaved up and down rapidly, straining under its burden of constant agony. He felt the paralysis fighting him, and winning. And then, suddenly, all resistance was gone. He could move, but each motion sent fierce spasms screaming through his body.

He tried to remember what had happened. His mind was a blank, he could not recall a thing. It was as if he had just been born into this scene, this world. His past was empty, dead.

"Is anybody here? Hey! Is anybody here?" His shouts sounded strangely faint and airy. More shouts fell likewise on deaf, or nonexistent, ears.

The blood raced through Conroy's head. The throbbing overpowered him. He could not think. The ruins swirled before his eyes . . . the desert expanded until it seemed to fill the sky. The yellow bore down upon him, crushing him. He could not think. He could not resolve this nightmare of which he had suddenly become a part.

Conroy stumbled over to the nearest building. The sand was unexpectedly deep in places; he sank in to his hips. He waded slowly through this sea of orange silicon. The pain, the stiffness of his body, was unbearable. Just a few more steps. Just one more. There! The building! He sighed deeply and collapsed against the crumbling wall. Conroy screamed and lurched up. Intense pain, fire, raced through his entire side as he fell against the wall. The flames spread through his body, burning everything they touched. The pounding of Conroy's heart and lungs increased. He felt that they would rip open his chest, and expend their energies in final, trembling pulsations on the sand. Conroy closed his eyes and ground his teeth. The knuckles on his clenched fists were white. He dropped unconscious onto the sand.

The sky opened as a silver needle shot through it.

"Pull out, Conroy! Pull out of it! You're going in too steeply!" the voice in his headset shouted faintly.

The orange mat of the desert approached quickly. It was not now just a blotch of color in the distance. It was now a deadly wall, a barrier against which the ship would soon crash. The ship nosed down to the ground, seeking it eagerly.

"I can't! The controls won't respond!" The sweat poured from Conroy's face and arms. "The controls won't respond!"

And inside, a man desperately tried to save the ship, and himself, from destruction.

"Pull out, Conroy! Pull out! Pull...." The voice babbled on, uselessly.

The desert was hypnotizing as it expanded... The ship sped forward into the sand.

"I am abandoning ship!"

No reply ever came.

The compartment in which Conroy had been sitting was ejected into the thin air. It fell freely for a few seconds. The parachutes were to have opened at 10,000 feet.

Conroy tensed as the altimeter dropped beneath the mark.

Where are the chutes?

The ground then rushed up to him, pulling him down ever faster. Forgetting the parachutes, he stared out the port. The desert snatched him out of the sky... Conroy became just another piece of scrap tossed on the sand.

Conroy regained consciousness a short time later. But it was not the same Conroy who had collapsed against the building. It was a Conroy free from pain; it was a Conroy undisturbed by the perplexities of his situation; in short, it was a Conroy whose capabilities of experiencing any sensation or emotion, physical or mental, had been blotted out, eliminated.

Peacefully brushing the sand off his coveralls, Conroy peered through the gaping hole where the door of the building had once been. Objects of various sizes and shapes were scattered throughout the large room. Dust, dirt, and sand covered everything: from the walls and ceiling to the floor. It was not a loose film which could be brushed off easily; the layer had embedded itself into the very surface of the objects, covering them with hard, nearly impenetrable shields.

It was the residue of centuries . . . eons.

Conroy had no curiosity . . . He had no interest or concern in anything, not even himself. His druglike sleep had soaked up all of these feelings. He had, in effect, ceased to exist as a human being; he was a void surrounded by a man-like shell.

Conroy's shadow filled the room . . . and then he stepped out of the doorway, the shadow was gone. In the room, coffee tables, sofas, desks, chairs, all these, under their thick layers of dust and dirt, stood undisturbed once more. They would probably never be disturbed . . . by man . . . again.

The setting sun seemed much smaller than usual. The sky throughout the day had been perfectly clear . . . but the color had been more purple than blue.

Conroy's boots ploughed through the sand in the broad avenue which ran through the ruins. The orange disc in the sky gradually sank closer to the horizon. The incredibly long avenue extended west without a bend or a curve. Pitted, rounded buildings, all containing, in varying states of preservation, objects of the civilization Conroy had once known, lined the remains of this thoroughfare; in the distance, the sun was framed perfectly between these two rows of mounds in the desert.

There were not many colors in the sunset: the sky was a faint greenish-yellow. Only the sun itself added any contrast to the scene: its brilliance painted the desert a rich bronze. The desert soon faded . . . the sun's upper limb dropped slowly beneath the horizon.

The sky was now almost completely jet-black. The stars shone in an abundance and clarity found only in the desert. Each celestial arclight was an individual performer clamoring for attention; each fiercely contested with its neighbors, trying to cover them, blot them out with its own radiance. More stars appeared with each passing moment, becoming so numerous that it seemed the sky should overflow or burst.

Conroy now walked in the light of the stars alone. Their fires were reflected from his cold, impassive, unseeing eyes. He had become an automaton. He walked perfunctorily; he had no place to go . . . he just walked.

He had not looked into other buildings. He had not wondered about them. He had not considered what kind of a disaster had brought about these ruins: a war . . . a drought . . . a plague . . . a famine . . . It was of no concern to him. He was without mental or spiritual substance. It was as if everything that was essentially human in a man—an intellect, a probing mind . . . a soul—had been taken from him, leaving him with only a human body.

But this also was human only in form. Food and water were now only words to him. He did not feel the pangs of hunger . . . the bite of thirst. His lungs and heart had long since lost their stiffness and pain. Conroy was without feeling or emotion. His legs moved . . . he walked . . . and that was all.

Perhaps a last flickering spark of curiosity—the death cry of the traces of humanity that remained buried deep within him, beneath the cold, impervious shell which had surrounded him—caused him to turn to his right. A flash of light had attracted his attention.

Conroy walked more slowly now. Perhaps he was tired . . . perhaps he was, deep within, afraid . . .

He could see it in the starlight. It took

shape, and grew larger. And then he was there. And he reached out and he felt the jagged metal, the torn walls, the dented steel plates . . .

Yet there was no recognition, no remembrance. All that Conroy saw in the mass of twisted, crushed metal was the reflection of the heavens above with its myriad torches.

Conroy let his hand fall loosely by his side . . . he had seen something else.

A sudden feeling, a tenseness, a fleeting memory: these came to Conroy as he walked the short distance. They passed as quickly as they had come, however. Conroy's hard shell closed over the tiny slit which had been made in it . . . the tiny slit which had let a breath of humanity and life blow against him. There were no more sensations or even half-conceived thoughts about the space-suited figure which Conroy found nearly buried in the sand. There was no comprehension as he turned the body over and saw **his** face, Conroy's face, behind the face plate. And there was no realization, or sorrow, as he looked back to the wreck of the spaceship which had carried him sixty million miles to Mars.

Just visible in the sky over the wreck of the spaceship was the Earth, a brilliant blue star in the night.

Spring Always Turns To Autumn

*Youth is the morning sun
Brightening the world with its fiery glow;
Taking darkness and leaving
Only the sparkle of discovery.*

*Youth is the carefree bird
That greets each new day
With a merry song
And a light heart.*

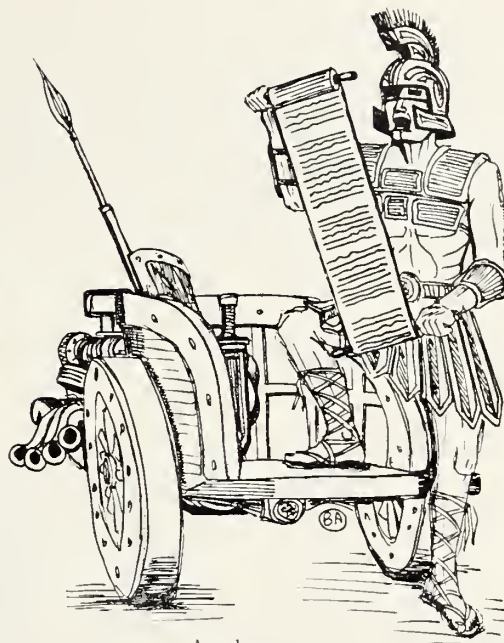
*Youth is the strength of
Water endlessly cascading
Down from a mountain ledge
To a valley far below.*

*Youth is the wild beast
Who with teeth and claws
Roams the earth to destroy
And gain kingdoms for himself.*

*Youth is the bold sea which
Endlessly roams over
The rocks and sand daring
All to try to enslave him.*

—Eugene K. Breger '66

EDITORIALS



AN IMMODEST PROPOSAL

ON MARCH 15, 1965, President Lyndon Johnson, before a joint session of Congress, described a piece of legislation unprecedented in the history of the United States.

The proposed Voting Rights Act of 1965 seeks a means of swift justice for minority groups in the United States, but in doing so, it inadvertently eliminates the judicial process of proving guilt and imposing punishment. Certain States, contrary to the theory of the American system of law in which a person is presumed innocent until he is proven guilty, shall be punished on the basis of presumptive guilt.

Under the terms of the bill, the federal Attorney General, by stating that the voting requirements in an area are racially discriminatory, may indict an entire State as violating the Constitution (Fifteenth Amendment). Also, if 50 per cent of the voting-age people in an area were not registered to vote on November 1, 1964, or if 50 per cent of the area's residents did not vote in the November, 1964, presidential election, the area (without a hearing) is considered guilty of the Attorney General's indictment.

These "guilty" States would be permitted to appeal to a three-judge court in Washington. There, they would have to prove to the court's satisfaction that for the past ten years not only the "guilty" State, but also everyone in it, has been completely innocent of racial discrimination in voting practices.

The proposed bill, if passed, would seem to indicate a triumph of the Machiavellian doctrine that the end justifies the means.

It would utterly disregard the Constitution of the United States. It would nullify Section 2 of Article I of the Constitution which gives to the States the power to determine the qualifications of voters in local, State, and national elections. It would nullify the Tenth Amendment which reserves to the states all rights not vested in the United States by the Constitution. It would nullify the Seventeenth Amendment which empowers the States to determine the qualifications of voters in electing United States Senators. Furthermore, the proposed bill, by establishing a three-judge court to determine State guilt, would disregard the constitutional principle that only actual cases or controversies arising under law can be decided in the courts. This bill would also violate the

doctrine that a state law is presumed to be constitutional until it is proved otherwise in the courts.

In fact, the proposed Voting Rights Act of 1965 seems only to be in accordance with the Constitution as regards the Fifteenth Amendment which states: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

This begs the question. Can the Congress of the United States disregard the other Articles of the Constitution simply because of the Fifteenth Amendment? Only time, and the Supreme Court, will tell.

— G. T. Tedeschi '66

THE RETURN OF THE BIG STICK

IT WOULD APPEAR from recent developments in the Dominican Republic that both the "Good Neighbor Policy" of Franklin Roosevelt and the aims of John Kennedy's Alliance for Progress are fast becoming "**Passe**" with the return of interference in the internal affairs of a Latin American nation by the United States.

Ever since the overthrow of the democratic regime of Juan Bosch in 1963 by a military junta, the Dominican Republic has been the scene of political instability and several coups. After the overthrow of the Bosch government, which the United States had hailed as an example of the kind of "democratic left" government that America wanted to support in Latin America, the United States recognized the new military government and proceeded to grant the new government more economic assistance than it had the Bosch government. Such action surely could not have been much comfort to nations such as Mexico, Venezuela, and others who are trying to combine democracy and various socialist ideas to bring about a betterment in the economic and social condition of their peoples.

When pro-Bosch forces tried to restore democratic government to the Dominican Republic in the spring of 1965, the United States, as it did throughout the early twentieth century, ordered the Marines to land in the country to evacuate Americans and other foreign nationals and to prevent a Communist take-over. Although the Marines have aided in the former, they could not possibly have succeeded in the latter since it has yet to be proven that the Dominican revolt was being run by Communists. Instead of thwarting the advent of totalitarian rule in the Dominican Republic, the United States has merely made it possible for the dictatorship to continue.

American activities in the Dominican Republic have been denounced by responsible voices throughout Latin America and Western Europe. In the OAS, Chile, Mexico, Peru, and Venezuela, all friends of the United States, have insisted that the United States adhere to the OAS charter which forbids the "Big Stick" kind of interference that has occurred in the Dominican Republic. Senator Robert Kennedy of New York does not seem to be satisfied with the State Department's explanation of the Dominican affair as evidenced by his statement: "Our determination to stop Communist revolutions in the hemisphere must not be construed as opposition to popular uprisings against injustice and oppression just because the targets of such popular uprisings say the uprisings are Communist inspired or Communist led or even because known Communists take part in them."

America is confronted by a great paradox in her foreign policy. The paradox, sadly apparent in The Dominican Republic episode, is that the United States in its efforts to stop Communist expansion often will support governments which are anti-Communist but totalitarian in nature. Support is often lacking for those truly Democratic nations which may tolerate the active participation of communists in the nation's politics. If we continue the current policy of supporting dictatorships such as the Dominican however, we can look toward to repeating the Dominican episode all over Latin America, each time losing more respect from the people we say we are trying to help. If the United States government cannot tolerate democracy in its own hemisphere, then it cannot expect nations all over the world to believe the endless pleas that America is the leader of the "Free World", for the American definition of "free" will become a joke.

Stephen Feldman '65



REMINISCENSES OF HENRY PENNYPACKER

Dr. Fabyan Packard '08

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article by Dr. Packard is the first of a new series of articles reminiscent of Boston Latin School and written by the alumni. In future editions similar articles solicited from the alumni or interviews of alumni by students will be published. It is our hope in publishing such articles to foster closer relations between Alma Mater and loyal alumni. Dr. Packard, a Harvard graduate, was assistant in charge of the Harvard Field Hospital during World War I. This loyal alumnus has practiced medicine since that time.

ON SEVERAL occasions in the recent past you have expressed interest in the fact that I was the last "Latin School boy" to have seen Mr. Henry Pennypacker alive. You have suggested that I recount the circumstances. This fact, I think, was first called to your attention by Max Levine, to whom I had related the story. He always seemed greatly impressed when any reference to this occasion was made.

For several years prior to 1933, following his resignation as Headmaster of B.L.S., Mr. Pennypacker had served at Harvard University as chairman of the Committee on Admissions. My first meeting with him at Harvard was in September, 1926, soon after I had joined the medical staff of Harvard University in charge of the student health program. Dr. Alfred Worcester, the professor in charge of the University health program at the time, was accustomed to having small, informal "medical teas" in the late afternoon at his office in Wardsworth House. I occasionally attended these "teas", and often met faculty members and others connected with Harvard at that time. On one occasion, near the beginning of the college year in 1926, Mr. Pennypacker was also a guest. When we were being introduced to one another, he immediately recognized me, and, in his inimitable way, said, "FABYAN PACKARD, ONE OF MY BOYS!" This was, mind you, eighteen years after my graduation from B.L.S. (Note: I had seen him once at his home in Cambridge in late 1916 when he had given me a "note of commendation", or character reference if you will, when I was about to join the Harvard Surgical Unit for service with the British Army in World War I.)

After the meeting in Dr. Worcester's office, I occasionally met Mr. Pennypacker in the Harvard Yard (he lived in one of the "yard dormitories") and exchanged pleasantries with him.

In the early 1930s (I am not sure as to the exact time), Mr. Pennypacker's health gradually failed. He was a victim of an organic disorder in the class of Multiple Sclerosis. He was able to attend to his duties, however, and, as far as I know, did not resign his position on the Committee on Admissions. About the middle of November, 1933, he became a patient at the Stillman Infirmary, too ill to "carry on". During my routine daily visits to my student patients, I would look in and "pass the time of day" with Mr. Pennypacker. Each day it was obvious that he was failing. Soon it was recognized that he was in the terminal stages of pneu-

monia. However, outwardly he displayed his vigorous, optimistic manner. Finally, on November 24th, I visited him as usual in the early morning. He seemed about the same as always, but somewhat weaker. Later that day, I learned of his death.

What makes this occasion even more memorable are the events associated with the date of November 24, 1933. We, the B.L.S. class of 1908, had scheduled our 25th reunion for that evening at the University Club in Boston. It was the night before the annual Harvard-Yale football game, and we therefore had expected an attendance greater than usual. We had had only two reunions since graduation. Joseph Kennedy had resigned as class president some years before, and his successor lived in Saratoga Springs, New York, and was not available. It had fallen to me, as class secretary, and to W. H. J. Kennedy (whom you must remember) to arrange for the "party". We were a small class, the smallest in the 1900-1910 decade, since only forty-four had graduated in 1908. The three most beloved and remembered teachers of our time had been invited, and all had accepted. They were Mr. Patrick Campbell, then Supt. of the Boston Schools, Mr. W. P. Henderson, retired but living nearby, and Mr. Pennypacker. Twenty-four classmates (better than 50%) attended. What was to have been a gay occasion, turned, as you might expect, into one of comparative quiet and sadness. The seat reserved for Mr. Pennypacker was vacant. The speeches were all reserved and eulogistic in character. I said a few words to tell of my recent contacts with Mr. Pennypacker, and told of his display of courage in the face of his grave condition, of which he must have been aware.

It was on this occasion that the class voted to donate the Pennypacker Medal to B.L.S., to be given annually to the boy in Class I chosen by the Faculty Committee as most worthy in the Pennypacker tradition. Joseph P. Kennedy, who was present that night, agreed to underwrite the expense of this gift. The classmates were to reimburse him from a fund to be raised at a later date.

LORDS AND MASTERS



— Rosengarten

MR. JOHN ANTHONY O'LEARY, who teaches mathematics in room 204, was born in Cambridge, Mass., and now lives in Quincy. He attended Boston College High, and from there entered Boston College. He has a B.S. in mathematics, and an LL.B. from Suffolk Law School. He has also attended State College at Boston. Before coming to Latin School in 1960, Mr. O'Leary taught for one year at the Patrick F. Gavin Junior High School in South Boston.

Mr. O'Leary has been keenly interested in all sports since his high school days. However, he has taken up another interest which is soon to become a full-time profession: law. After this year, Mr. O'Leary plans to retire from teaching and devote all his time to general practice in the law firm of Tierney, Tierney, O'Leary, and Tierney.

Mr. O'Leary is very impressed with the overall teaching program at B.L.S., and with the achievements of the mathematics department in particular: "The students and the courses are both of high calibre." Commenting on the recent changes at B.L.S., as in the curricula, he maintains that they are useless unless they are of advantage to the students alone. He advises his students that the time to work the hardest is when the temptation to relax is the greatest.

We wish Mr. O'Leary the best of luck and a very prosperous and rewarding career in law.

MR. PHILIP FOX, who teaches German in room 225, was born in Boston and graduated from Boston English High School. He received his Bachelor of Arts degree from the University of Illinois and his Master of Education degree from Boston State College. He also attended Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Mr. Fox came to Latin School last year after teaching for fourteen years in other Boston schools. His hobbies are sports, the theatre, reading, and "primarily" work.

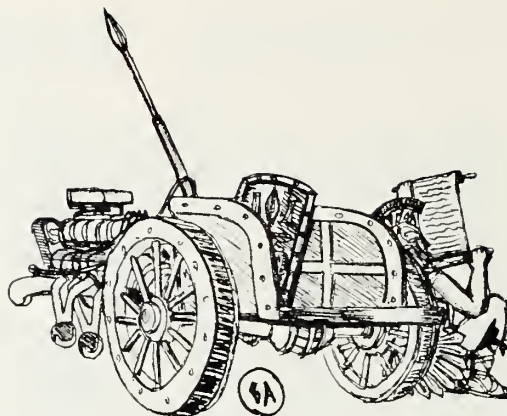
Mr. Fox stated his opinion of the program the modern-language department should follow in providing adequate courses for the students: "We have quite a job cut out for us as far as the oral method in the German department is concerned. It would be impossible to have total immersion introduced, but I would prefer to use oral teaching, rather than the regular grammar course, and to use the Language Laboratory more often than at present."

Mr. Fox also outlined the difficult task the students must perform during their education: "If the students work hard during their stay at Latin School, they will not be too discouraged at graduation. Some individuals seem to know the price of everything and the value of nothing. We must clarify some of our basic values in life."



— Rosengarten

Something of Interest



TWO SUCCESSFUL, talent-filled events dominated the end of the school year. On May 12 and 13, Mr. Jameson and the Dramatic Club presented a modernized version of Shakespeare's **Julius Caesar**. Outstanding jobs were done by the leading players, Bob Fallon as Brutus, Lawrence Jakmauh as Cassius, Paul Schlossberg as Caesar, and Peter Weinberg as Antony, the many other distinguished Romans, the stage crew, and particularly Producer-Director-Adaptor Jameson. A week earlier, May 6, the BLS Orchestra, Bands, and Glee Club presented the second annual Music Festival. We are very grateful to the Home and School Association for organizing this entertaining evening, and to the National Honor Society and Key Club for soliciting funds for the adbook.



— Rosengarten

the conspirators

Kudos Kolumn: Dave Kelleher, who will attend M.I.T. in the fall, is one of 51 Massachusetts recipients of a Merit Scholarship. Perhaps BLS will have another

winner next year, for eleven juniors scored at least 150 on the qualifying exam, with Al Desimone the highest at 156 In the Olympiad Math Contest, Charles Rockland placed first in the state, Nicholas Corsano eighth, and Richard Ellis tenth. For their excellent performances, Rockland will receive a gold medal and \$150, and Corsano and Ellis silver medals and \$50 apiece Steven Cushing of class II won second place awards at both the state Mathematics Fair and the state Science Fair. At the Science Fair, held May 7-9 at M.I.T., the **Boston Globe** presented him with the \$500 William O. Taylor Scholarship. At this fair, Jerold Carlson of class I also placed second, and Jack Lay of class II won an honorable mention. At the city Science Fair, held on April 3 in the Latin School cafeteria, our students also won several awards. In the senior high school division, Cushing and Joseph Kennedy won first prizes, Lay, second prize, and Robert Baron, Carlson, Richard Ellis, Peter Fisher, Leonard Levine, and Phillip Zunder third prizes. Richard Dugan won a third prize in the junior high school division. . . . In the German Prize Examination sponsored by the AATG, Richard Ellis, class I, was first in fourth year German among public school students in the state; in third year German, Aron Zysow, class II, was third in the state, Alfred Desimone, class II, was fourth.

Our math team, consisting of Ellis, Rockland, Cushing, Edward McGaffigan, and Norman Shore, came in first in its division in the Greater Boston Mathematics League Gerald Showstack, the new Key Club President, was elected Governor (President) of the New England District of Key Clubs at the convention on

April 10 at the Statler Hilton. As the leader of over 100 Key Clubs in six states, Showstack will have a serious and important responsibility during the coming year . . . Showstack and Bert Rosengarten have been chosen co-editors of next year's yearbook . . . On the March college boards, Charles Manski scored 800 in the Math Aptitude . . . Craig Yorke of class II was the subject of a page-long interview in the April issue of **Seventeen** magazine. Also, he appeared on the April 15 edition of WHDH-TV's **Dateline Boston**. With the conductor of the Youth Symphony Orchestra commenting, Yorke performed on his violin and discussed the music . . . In the first Latin School Poetry contest, first prize went to Eugene Breger of class II, second to George Sukhu of class III, and third to Kenneth Bechis of class II. Breger received a \$25 bond for his poem "Spring Always Turns to Autumn", and Sukhu and Bechis received book awards.

The Social Science Club and the Debating Society participated in two more model United Nations sessions this spring. At Harvard on April 24, Peter Weinberg and Stephen Feldman of class I, and Lawrence DiCara, Arthur Berzinis, and Philip O'Connor of class III took part in a full day of debating under the direction of the undergraduate International Affairs Council. As British delegates, they discussed Red China, U.N. peacekeeping operations, and interference by the U.N. in domestic affairs. On May 1, Feldman, Saul Rubin of class II, and Stephen Smith of class IV represented Latin School and New Zealand at Brandeis University. The issues of Red China and peacekeeping were again argued, as was the U.N. dues payment problem.

Martin Price of class I was the BLS delegate at Student Government Day at the State House on April 2. In the morning, as a State Representative, he attended a committee session, and in the afternoon participated in a model legislative meeting. During the day, the delegates heard from Governor Volpe, Lieutenant Governor Richardson, Secretary White, and other state government figures. On the next day, Senior Student Council members Robert Caruso, Marshall Davis, and Robert Ford represented Latin School at the Youth Citizenship Conference at Boston State College. They took part in interesting discussion groups and lis-

tened to a speech by Secretary Kevin White.

On April *14, with members of classes I and II in attendance, letters were presented to the hockey, basketball, track, swimming, and soccer teams. After this, Mr. Charles Fitzgerald, football coach at BLS for thirty years, presented the Gridiron Club's second annual scholar-athlete award. The winner, Paul Masi, was awarded an engraved watch. Mr. Fitzgerald then entertained us with remarks such as this: "At Concord Reformatory all track events are held but cross-country and pole-vaulting."

At an assembly of classes II and III on March 25, Mr. O'Connor of the Atomic Energy Commission explained the structure and uses of atomic energy. By using students as subjects for his experiments, he made this assembly a most entertaining as well as informative one.



— Rosengarten

Mr. O'Connor demonstrates

The annual Prize Declamation was held on May 7. First, second, and third prizes were given to Peter Weinberg, Benjamin Miles, and Richard Curtis, respectively, and special prizes went to Bob Fallon (I and II), Donald Dawes (III and IV), and Alan Richardson (V and VI).

Several school clubs have had speakers and other worthwhile activities during the past few months. City Councillor Christopher Ianella spoke before the Social Science Club on the problems of the city government. Mr. Frank McElroy, executive director of the Boston National Conference of Christians and Jews, told the Key Club that "personal involvement by study and action" is the best solution to our racial and religious conflicts. The

Philosophy Club presented M.I.T. graduate students Shoel Cohen, on "Philosophy and the Psychology of Sense Perception", and Barbara Hall, on "Language and Philosophy", in addition to Monsignor Murray on "The Philosophy of de Charadin". The French Club, accompanied by advisor Mr. Friary, dined in style at Du Barry's, an elegant French restaurant. The BLS Key Club played the Brookline High Key Club in basketball and beat them, 66 to 39. The Debating team, under the leadership of Richard Curtis, defeated Brookline in four debates. The Music Appreciation club attended several Friday afternoon concerts at Symphony Hall.

On April 28 Latin School marched in its 106th and final Prize Drill. WHDH-TV gave extensive news coverage to our excellent marching. The five best companies were, in order, D, A, H, F, L, and the five medalists for "excellence in manual of arms" were Philip Chin, Ralph Stafford, Louis Stearns, Peter Cianfrocca, and Robert Colby.



B.L.S. Cadets on camera

Dublin

The annual student exchange was held with Scituate High School. In Scituate, Michael Donahue, Timothy O'Leary, Robert Spry, Barry Stevens, and Lawrence Sullivan attended classes, toured the town, and dined at Hugo's Lighthouse. A week later, several students from Scituate visited our school, met Mayor Collins, attended a City Council meeting, and ate at Tiffany's Restaurant.

The **Register** has once again won a Medalist rating from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. On a rating scale of a possible 1000 points, the **Register** received 983, making it one of the top student magazines in the country.

Spotlight on Clubs. Key. For many years, this club has performed as the service club of Latin School. Part of a national organization of over 2600 clubs and 69,000 members, our Key Club is sponsored by the Boston Kiwanis Club. The club consists of members of classes I, II, and III who maintain a good scholastic average and who are interested in helping out wherever and whenever they are needed. The club's activities in the school include operating the school bookstore, selling football tickets, collecting of money for the Music Festival ad-book, and serving as tutors for many students. Also, many fund-raising projects are carried out, the profits of which go toward scholarships. All members do volunteer work weekly; most serve in hospitals, but several work in civic organizations. The club hopes to continue in future years in its aim of providing service to the school and community.

In an editorial in its first issue, the **Register**, founded by George Santayana, explained its purposes as follows:

"In presenting the **Register** to the Latin School, a few words concerning our design in its publication are necessary. It is our intention to edit a paper that will both benefit and amuse, that will bring the boys into closer relationship, and make them realize that they are the common children of the oldest, grandest, and most renowned school in the world. As the name of our journal implies, we intend to keep a register of all the events which we think will interest those who are, or have been, connected with the school."

84 years have passed since our birth in 1881, but our aims are still principally the same.

Famous Alumni.

Nat Hentoff, '41, a writer on jazz and civil rights, is a frequent contributor to such magazines as the **Reporter**, and has written several books, including **The Jazz Life**, and **The Peace Agitator**. His latest book, **The New Equality**, is about the current civil rights struggle.

Frederick Wiseman, '47, is the producer of the widely praised film **The Cool World**. After graduating from Williams, and Yale Law School, he practiced law in Paris. Here he became acquainted with the workings of small budget films and decided to make one of his own. His success is shown by the fact that this film was chosen as the United States entry in the Venice Film Festival.

— Saul Rubin '66



SPORTS

BASEBALL

Although most of last year's starting team have graduated, this year's baseball squad is again the team to beat in the City League. The infield, consisting of All Scholastic right fielder Bob Hansen, now at first base, opposite-field hitter Jim Curley at second, Jim Greene at short, and Major League prospect John Fedorchuk at third, has paced many strong hitting attacks. Senior outfielders Bob Caruso, Jim Hatherly, and Joe DeChellis have all come through with clutch hits. Returning starter, Captain Paul Masi once again is proving to be an excellent catcher and a solid hitter.

The pitching staff is headed by senior Fred Schwelm and sophomore Ed Laucka. Dave Tickner and Greg Grandfield, both sophomores, can pitch well as starters or relievers. Senior "Dobie" Gillis, although plagued by a bad elbow, has the best variety of pitches on the staff. This combination of solid hitting and strong pitching has again given Latin School a winning baseball team.

Latin vs. Tech

In the league opener, Latin's hustle and desire earned a 6-4 victory. Ed Laucka started but was relieved by Fred Schwelm who held Tech scoreless. In the fourth inning, Latin tied the score at 4-all. Spearheading the Purple attack were a basehit by Caruso and doubles by Schwelm, Curley, and DeChellis. In the bottom of the seventh inning, Latin rallied

for a second time and pulled out the victory via Joe DeChellis' second double of the game.

Latin vs. Tech

The Purple and White lost its first game of the season to Tech by the score of 6-3. Latin led all the way until the sixth inning when relief pitcher Greg Grandfield was tagged for five runs. John Fedorchuk provided the hitting for B.L.S. with a homerun and a run-producing single.

Latin vs. Trade

Three runs in the first inning by the Purple and White batsmen were all the support "Dobie" Gillis needed as Latin routed Trade 10-1. Gillis had pitched no-hit ball when he was relieved by Grandfield in the sixth inning. Paul Masi, Joe DeChellis, and John Fedorchuk each had three R.B.I.'s to pace the assault.

Latin vs. B.C. High

Latin reeled off its fourth straight league victory behind the brilliant three-hit pitching of Fred Schwelm, pulverizing B.C. High 15-0. Pacing the Purple's attack were homeruns by Bob Caruso and Bob Hansen, and four hits by Paul Masi, producing four runs. In going the distance, Schwelm struck out twelve.

Latin vs. English

After dropping three straight, Latin finally broke out of its slump, routing arch rival English in a slug fest, 18-8. Starter Fred Schwelm was relieved in the third by Ed Laucka, who checked the Blue and Blue rally. After scoring ten runs in the first inning, the Purple and White was held scoreless until they came across with six more in the fourth to insure their victory. Leading the fifteen-hit attack were Jim Greene, Bob Hansen, and Jim Curley with three hits apiece.

Thanks to Coach Patten and the boys of the team, Latin now looks sure to have another winning season. The team is currently in contention with Tech and B.C. High for the City League title with several games remaining in its schedule. Latin has now won seven (7) games and lost four (4). Since we have such a good team, it would encourage them greatly if the student body showed more interest in this major sport. Congratulations once again to Mr. Patten and his team.

CREW

This year's crew could well be the one to lift Latin out of its habitual third place finish behind English and Technical.

Last year Latin was never far behind the leaders and would have overtaken Technical but was stopped by two bad breaks. In the first race, the second boat's tiller slipped out, resulting in the boat's only loss in that division. Latin was still in contention when it came time for the crucial two mile race, but stroke Brennan pulled too hard and broke his oarlock. In spite of the valuable time lost, Latin still managed to catch Trade for third place.

In the practice before last year's final race, Coach Vara said that the winner of the intra-squad competition would represent Latin in the first race. The second boat had been improving all year and welcomed the chance to prove it was better. It was an extremely close race until the second boat made its move in the last hundred yards and sprinted across the line. On the day of the race, however, their luck was no better than the first boat's had been, and they finished last.

This year's squad has been greatly improved by the fine turnout of new juniors, including Carty, Dowd, Ferris, and Stevens. They will be working with returning veterans Brennan, Baird, Zunder, Matveychuk, Monroe, Casale Chamberlain, Sarno, McLaughlin, Walker, D'Apolito, Friel, and coxswain Dollan. Another ad-



— Jacobi

On the Charles

vantage Latin will enjoy this season is that its crew will be comparable in weight to the English and Tech boats. At one practice Mr. Vara estimated the average weight of the second boat to be 185 lbs.

The boats work out regularly over the one mile course starting at the Mass. Ave. Bridge, and soon will be rowing the two mile course starting at the M.I.T. Bridge. This will really help to develop stamina and a long power stroke. The squad has also been practicing an eight count sprint which will be used to get an early lead and to provide a strong finish in the last 50 yards of the race.

Thanks are extended to Coach Vara for the time and effort he is putting in to make the crew program possible.

TENNIS

This year tennis was brought back into the sports curriculum of Boston Latin School. The team's first competitive season was encouraging. After the first three matches the record showed a draw with Quincy High, a defeat from Newton South, and a postponement with Lexington High.

Latin vs. Quincy

A steady rain brought our first match indoors. In the first set our two top players, Michelson and Freedman, were overwhelmed by the strong and steady play of Quincy's first doubles team. The score was 6-1, the lone victory being taken in a service break. The second set was a Latin victory with the score 7-5. The win was brought about by the consistent serving of "Chip" Wilder and the brilliant net play of Alan Rosen.

Latin vs. Newton South

Our second match, against Newton South, was a crushing defeat. Out of four doubles and singles sets played, Latin was unable to gain a single victory. All set scores were either 6-4, 6-1, or 6-2. However let this be no indication of the play. Our team is so filled with enthusiasm and desire that not a single set was conceded until the last point was in. Our singles squad consisted of Rosen, Michelson, Freedman, and Morganty; the doubles of Rajcock and Webb, Macloff and Butler, and Shuman and Carlevale.

The Latin vs. Lexington match was called off because of Prize Drill. However the season did not close with these first three scheduled matches. In late May the team was matched with its toughest opponent, Milton Academy. Al-



Rosengarten

Michelson backs up Webb

though the prospect of victory seems (at this writing) dim, the experienced gained from playing such a high calibre team can only enrich our team.

With Mr. Keiran as sponsor and by the ceaseless endeavors of co-captains Alan Rosen and Richard Ellis, the team was re-established, only through increased student participation will the team continue. Although the team lacks a coach and home courts, we hope that Latin's newest team can look forward to a bright future.

SOCCER

Soccer has at last become a recognized sport at Boston Latin through the efforts of the team members. Next fall the team will be provided with transportation, uniforms, equipment, and a much needed coach.

The first scrimmage of the season was

with the Chinese Y.M.C.A. Latin dominated the first quarter but was unable to score because of the opposition's fine defense. The "Y's" offense, after twenty minutes of play, penetrated Latin's zone to score a goal. In the second half a scramble in front of the Latin goal re-

sulted in a penalty shot against the Purple. A fine effort by goaltender Peter Fisher was futile as the ball sailed into the net out of reach. Team hustle finally paid off when Latin scored its first goal on a hard shot by Quan. In the final minutes of play the "Y" scored its third goal to put the game out of reach. The

final score: Chinese "Y" 3, Latin 1.

Other games scheduled in the spring are with English High, Roxbury Latin, and a rematch with the "Y". This year's team, under the leadership of Captain Roman Dashawetz, has experience on its side, with eight returning lettermen. Prospects look good for the fall season.

TRACK

The Outdoor Track team has fared well this season despite injuries to key competitors. Latin scored well in every meet, even when losing. They easily surpassed Tech, Trade, and other schools, but, as usual, had their problems with city champion English and the Eaglets of B.C. High.

In its first meet, the Purple and White defeated Tech 192-145 and shut out Trade. Following two losses to B.C. High, B.L.S. competed in the Belmont and St. John's Relays. Because of lack of depth, we were unable to win. At this time, however, hopes for the City Meet and the Reggies are high.

The Track team again produced many noteworthy athletes. Class A was composed mainly of seniors, who worked

tirelessly. Graduating are Co-captains Dave Bernstein and Carl Landrum, Henry and Mitchell Johnson, and Bobby Allen. Returning next year are Joe Baugh, Lee Daniels, Steve John, and Wally Mayo. Class B did well despite an injury to star Ken Paige. Steve Carey, Steve Duclos, Charlie Leoney, Jim Rose, John Powers, Frank Reid, Dave Neville, and Bob Maibor were the nucleus of a small but strong team. Excelling in Class C were Linc Pope, Dan Sheehan, Scotty Guild, Dave Butler, Robby Ferris, John Peterson, Rich Brady, Ken Hachikian, and Mike Swartz.

The future now appears bright for our Track team. Special thanks go to coach Fielding.

CHESS

Latin, with 12 victories to its credit, tied with our perennial jinx opponent Arlington. In a play-off which set a new record of six uninterrupted hours of brain hemorrhage, Latin captured the GBI Championship. The score was 6-4.

Besides the GBI League, there are two other schoolboy chess leagues presently functioning in Massachusetts. They are the South Shore League and the Northeastern Schoolboy League. Together they represent some twenty schools.

With the approval of the Mass. Chess Association, play-offs were arranged among the best schools from each league. Latin's first match with Quincy High, champions of the South Shore, ended in an inconclusive tie. On the second try,

Venimus, vidimus, vicimus!

The Greater Boston Interscholastic Chess League results:

Latin	Opponent	
7½	Boston English	2½
8½	Brookline	*1½
4½	Arlington	5½
6½	Newton South	3½
8½	Newton North	1½
8	Boston Technical	2
10	Cambridge High & Latin	0
7	Boston English	3
4½	Brookline	5½
7	Arlington	3
7½	Cambridge High & Latin	2½
7	Newton South	3
7	Newton North	3
9	Boston Technical	1

BLS won 4-3. Haverhill High, the champions of the Northeastern Schoolboy, offered relatively mild resistance. Against them we chalked up a score of 6½-2½. With that Latin conquered the Massachusetts High School Chess Championship.

Those are the cut and dry statistics, and statistics tell only part of the story.

They cannot describe the ticking of the clock when the requirement is twenty-five moves an hour, the hour is almost over, and the twentieth move has not yet been made.

Nor can they explain that funny empty feeling in the pit of the stomach in the uncertain first hours of an important match.

Nor can they explain why at the GBI play-off the air seemed so thick and heavy that you might have cut it with a knife. That was the end of a long fierce rivalry. Latin and Arlington! Four years ago many of the players first met as Freshmen, then as Sophomores and Juniors until as Seniors they were to fight for the last time to the bitter end. . . The president paces the floor. Four years he has waited for this day, planned, thought, and now that the moment of truth has arrived, all he can do is hope he does not lose his own game. Six hours, victory, a handshake, and all of a sudden you wish there did not have to be a loser.

Statistics cannot tell either about the player from Tech who had a fancy camera with a self-timer. He set it for five seconds, made a wild dash to his game,

and grinned. He lost his game, but unnerved several of our players too.

Then there was the second match against Quincy. It began at 3:00, and at 6:00 the score was 3-3 with one game unfinished. The decision was to play it out. So there they were, the two players and the two faculty advisors; and everyone else waited on the other side of the cafeteria. At 7:00 food was sent for; at 8:00, coffee. At 9:00 Quincy gave away the queen for nothing and the match was ours.

Six hours is a long time. After you have stared at the game for that long, it is engraved upon your memory. Close your eyes and you can see the exact position. Yes, even several days later you can reconstruct the position.

Chess is a cruel, lonesome game. There are no crowds, no fanfares — just you and the opponent and thirty-two pieces on sixty-four squares. Intellectually, as well as emotionally, and to some degree even physically, you pit yourself against another. To the loser there is little consolation, not even the time honored cry of "bad luck."

The way to championship was not easy. The ten who made it are: Martin Duhms, Harold Stengel, Philip Jacobson, Robert Bloomberg, Stuart Flashman, David Chin, Lawrence Chin, Gerald LaFlamme, Barry Zeeberg, and Richard Penta.

With deep gratitude the chess team acknowledges that Mr. Flynn, our advisor, walked every step of the long way with us, and then some.

Cosmogonal Pulsation

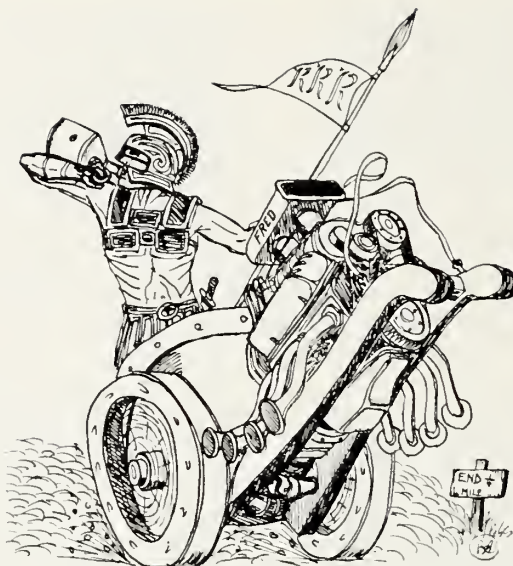
Why like a watch, so consciously made?

Why not a crystal, creation delayed?

Organic flux, not mechanical law —

Sans supervision, cells grow without flaw.

— Steven Cushing '66



The Register's Raving Reporter

April 1: Overheard in 325:

Master: Why did the French guillotine operators go on strike recently?

Bachelor: Because they wanted severence pay?

April 2: Notice in today's bulletin:

A representative of one of the leading dental colleges will visit B.L.S. today. All members of the drill team are expected to attend.

April 5: Ye R.R.R. wonders if you've heard about the modest tree surgeon who performed a very delicate operation but refused to take an extra bough.

April 6: Today the School Committee voted against installing venetian blinds in all classrooms. Now it's curtains for us.

April 7: Overheard in the library:

First: Now I see the light!

Second: That was a fixture of speech.

First: Well, that wasn't very bright.

Second: At least it threw some light on the subject.

April 8: Have you heard about the man who, even after having a blood transfusion, died anyway? It was all in vein.

April 9: Overheard in 132:

Master: Do you know what happens if you accent the wrong syllable in a Latin word?

Small Boy: You have to pay the penalty.

April 12: Today Ye R.R.R. tried to discover the derivation of the name Julius Caesar and has come up with two possibilities. Since he had epilepsy, it could come from Julius Seizure. But then, since he was a Latin writer, it could be from Julius Caesura.

April 13: Jupiter: Athena, go away. You make Minervus.

April 14: Almost overheard in 316:

Master: I believe Ptolemy goes back to B.C.

Coward: No, Sir. He went to Harvard.

April 15: Ye R.R.R. was considering becoming a policeman in Greenwich Village, but has decided not to. He doesn't like pounding a beat.

April 16: After the waters had receded, Noah sent all of the animals out onto the land to multiply and reproduce their kind. However, just as he himself was about to leave, he noticed two snakes who still remained in the ark. "Why have ye not gone out onto the land to multiply as all your brethren have done?" he inquired. The snakes answered, "But we cannot multiply; we are adders." Angered by their blasphemous reply, Noah immediately ejected them from the ark.

After several weeks, as Noah was wandering upon the land and observing all of his wonderful creatures, he heard a loud clamor a short distance away. Noah immediately hastened to where he had heard the great noise, and, to his astonishment, he found the two snakes, along with a huge multitude of little snakes, all sitting upon a large table built of logs. Joyfully Noah asked the snakes, "Oh adders, how have you multiplied so wondrously?" At once the serpents replied: "Even adders can multiply, when provided with a log table."

April 26: Should have been overheard in 332:

Wise-Guy: Are there any words in the English language that you have never heard spoken or seen written?

Master: Sure, there are a lot of them.

W.G.: All right, then, name a few.

April 27: Schools in the U.S.S.R. are much different from ours. Students there are judged solely by their Marx.

April 28: Sign in 234:

"Nietsche is peachy,
But Sartre is smartre."

April 29: Overheard in 304:

Mess-ter: Why was the Spanish Armada so invincible?

Stewed-ent: Because they got 20 miles to the galleon.

April 30: Whispered in 330:

"I don't mind ordinary algebra, but this stuff is full of Boole."

April 31: (?)

May 3: Ye R.R.R. is proud to announce that today he inscribed **War and Peace** on the head of a pin.

May 4: Oh no! I left out page 86!

May 5: Overheard in Rm. 1:

First: What do you think of elastic bands?

Second: Well, sometimes they're more

flexible than full orchestras.

May 6: Have you heard the new motto of the **Register**? "All the news we print fits."

May 7: Overheard in 225:

Him: But Sir, I'm very open-minded. I never associate with bigots.

Herr: Shut up, of course, or I'll enter you in Prize Defamation!

May 10: Overheard in 307:

Master: Why was the bill reinstating the Pony Express vetoed by the president?

Pep-stu-dent: Because Congress refused to attach a rider.

May 11: You probably didn't know that Ye R.R.R. holds the school record for the most homers. Today he acquired his 983rd copy of the **Iliad**.

May 12: Those of you who are going to attend the senior play tonight will probably wonder what to call the people who carry Caesar's body off of the stage. Actually the correct term is "paul-bearers".

May 13: Actually overheard in 330:

Master: Isn't this ab-surd?

Pun Cushion: Don't be irrational!

Master: There must be some radicals around here.

P.C.: Only at the **extreme values**.

Master: I think we'd better keep this down to a **minimum**.

P.C.: Yes, that's a **critical point**.

May 14: Advice for the day:

"The more you try to cultivate people, the more you turn up clods."

May 17: Notice in Bulletin:

Any boy wishing to join the Tiddly-Winks team should come to Room 212 after school today.

May 18: Notice in Bulletin:

Any boy wishing to join the Tiddly-Winks team should come to Room 212 after school today.

May 19: Notice in Bulletin:

Forget it!

May 20: Ye R.R.R. would like to remind all of you budding geniuses in Class III that geometry is as simple as pi.

May 21: Overheard in 230:

Meister: What are the principal parts of the verb "beissen"?

-Singer: Beissen, biss, gebison, buffalo.

May 24: The class banquet was not held today. A good time was not had by all not present.

May 25: Overheard in 235:
 Master: Jones, who wrote **The Lady of the Lake**?
 Jones: Great Scott, I can't remember!

May 26: Ye R.R.R. has invented a new kind of air conditioner but is not going to manufacture it. He has received too much threatening fan mail already.

May 27: Interesting fact of the day:
 George Washington was born on the square root of 3.

May 28: Overheard:
 Cart-Wheel: What happens when you cut the Punderosa into four parts?
 Mule: Bonanza Split

May 31: The Weavers Union was about to go on strike, but this was averted just in time when they accepted a blanket wage proposal.

June 1: Overheard during an orchestra rehearsal:
 "I'm sorry boys, but it's all wrong. You're not getting any of the cymbalism."

June 2: Ye R.R.R. still wonders about the following conversation he heard today:
 First Sixie: Ask me if my name is Sam.
 Second Sixie: Is your name Sam?
 First Sixie: No.

June 3: There once was a bird-trainer in Persia who had a hat which flew off of his head whenever he met anyone with an iodine deficiency. In other words: Fez of a birder flops to goiter.

June 4: Overheard in Sparr's:
 "What's the poet doing in the telephone booth?"
 "Oh, he's Dialin' Thomas."

June 7: Notice in Bull-etin:
 The annual B.L.S. Sign Convention will be held today in Room 316.

June 8: Overheard:
 Second: What do you call a flea that bites only moon dogs?
 Third: A lunar-tick, of course.

June 9: Overheard in 312:
 Master: Smith, who invented the Polaroid camera?

Smith: Land sakes, I've forgotten!

June 10: Esoteric joke of the day:
 "What do you call a fly in a Zen monastery?"
 "A Buddha-pest."

June 11: Ye R.R.R. was going to start a Whooping-Crane-Watching Club, but has now changed his mind. After all, if you've seen 28, you've seen them all.

June 15: Overheard:
 First foursie: What's got four legs, barks, and is made out of cement?
 Second foursie: I don't know. What?
 First foursie: A dog. I just threw in the cement to make it hard.

June 16: Ye R.R.R.'s motto:
 I'd rather be the Wright Brothers than President.

June 17: What did the man say when he saw the three holes in the ground?
 "Well, well, well."

June 18: Overheard in 133:
 Master: We see here that Michelangelo singlehandedly painted the Sistine Chapel.
 Wise-Crack-Pot: Oh, what color?

June 21: Those two sixies are at it again:
 First Sixie: Ask me if I'm an apple.
 Second: Are you an apple?
 First: Yes. Ask me if I'm an orange.
 Second: Are you an orange?
 First: Fool, how can I be an orange if I'm an apple?

June 22: Have you heard about the monk who was afraid to be alone in the monastery? He had cloisterphobia.

June 23: Overheard in 126:
 Master: Brown, what do you call the substance that is often used in place of coal?
 Brown: For Peat's sake, how should I know!

June 24: Overheard in 328:
 Master: Alek, what do you think of the syntax?
 Smart Alek: I think that's a pretty rotten thing for the government to be getting money out of.

Howard J. Richard, C.L.U.

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